

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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VOL. 2, No. 293

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. MONDAY, JULY 20, 1906

One Cent

GOOD COMMITTEES TO PUSH MERCHANT'S PICNIC

Good men and ones that will work hard to make the affair the best ever held, have been appointed to have charge of the Merchant's picnic which is booked for August 19. The Merchants are taking hold of the matter in a way that means a high success, despite the fact that Charleroi is at present having a taste of the hard times. It is the intention to have special features not only for the enjoyment of one class or sex of individuals, but for all. The usual park amusements will be had, of course, and added to this will be a list of sporting events.

The standing advertisement committee will look after their share of the work. The other committees follow in order.

Sports.—George S. Night, M. M.

OFFICERS OF MEN'S LEAGUE ARE INSTALLED

The newly elected officers of the Men's League of the Methodist Episcopal church were installed last night. Rev. A. M. Doak, pastor of the church performing the rites. The officers for the ensuing six months are, W. S. James, president; C. C. Crill, vice president; William Kenyon, secretary; Samuel Chesure, 1st assistant secretary; Paul Prai, 2nd assistant secretary; Ward Snyder, treasurer. Joseph Kenyon read a paper on what the league has done in the past six months, showing a marvelous work in the church. Music was a special feature last evening.

THINKS COMPANY WILL LAY TRACKS TO DONORA

It comes from a very reliable source that the Pittsburgh Street railway company has made a proposition to the Washington county commissioners that they will grade and drain the road to Donora to Monongahela. They get the right-of-way between the two towns. It seems that this proposition should be looked upon by the commissioners with favor, for this road is now in terrible condition. This would relieve the commissioners of long expense for repairing the road, for this will need to be done very soon anyway. Donora needs an outlet the worst kind of a way and as nothing can be expected of the Eldora line at present, this route should be taken up and everything possible done to put it through.—Donora News.

The Music World.

The latest Broadway hit is the Mimic World, just out at the famous Casino Theatre by the Shuberts and Lew Fields. With its usual enterprising, the New York Sunday World has obtained the best song from this show and will give it away with the issue of Sunday, July 26. Everybody will want this song. Words and music complete, with handsome cover illustration. Order the Sunday World from your newsdealer in advance.

Joseph Didat and son Edward have returned from a trip to Philadelphia, Atlantic City and other points of interest.

McDermott, and Daniel Gottfeld. Refreshment.—J. B. Schafer, William Parks, S. L. Woodward, J. E. Masters, William Gelder.

Transportation.—William Clark, J. H. Bowers, J. W. Carroll.

Reception.—J. D. Berryman, N. Greenberg, L. Collins, L. Beigel, Frank Riva, H. Melser, Joseph Steek, William Kirk, S. W. Ross, J. Regan, P. Calistri, L. R. Bedsworth, S. R. Collins, R. C. Mountsier, Frank Sanson, George J. Vetter, Thomas Joyce, R. J. Vetter, U. S. Orange, William Pfleghardt, E. C. Niver, Harry E. Price, J. M. Fleming, C. W. Weltner, W. F. Hennings, T. P. Grant, J. O. Watson, George Wagner, John Umbel, L. S. Goldberg, Frank McClure, H. Taitelbaum, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Robertson.

YOUTHFUL TRIO ARRESTED FOR ROBBING STORE

Jess Chester, 17 years, Willie Supplies, 13 years and John Thomas, 10 years, were arrested this morning by Constable Luker of Monongahela for robbing a store at Van Voorhis on Sunday morning. They will be given a hearing before Alderman Elwood this afternoon.

The lads are said to have taken a number of watches, shoes, clothing and other things from the store.

Do Your Dealing at Home.

The large mail order houses, whose principal base of operations is in Chicago, have suffered to some extent by the barring from the mails at second class rates of all except legitimate newspapers. Notwithstanding the enforcement of the postal regulations, the mail order business continues to be a feature of modern merchandising and its extension is not looked upon with favor by the local merchant.

The mail order firms are, as a rule, perfectly reliable and financially responsible, but they do not pave our streets, they do not help build our schools they do not help to provide police and fire protection for the city, and only in a few instances is there any real saving effected by purchasers.

The local merchant must bear his share of the expenses of the city government; he always contributed of his profits to the welfare of the city. He can, almost invariably, figure out a better price, when the expenses of postage and mail are considered, than the mail order house. Spend your money with those who spend with us.—Johnstown Tribune.

N. G. P. AT GETTYSBURG.

Reduced Rates, Account Encampment, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the benefit of those desiring to visit the National Guardsmen in their Camp at Gettysburg, and to see the famous Battlefield, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Gettysburg, July 18 to 24, good returning until July 25, from all stations in Pennsylvania at greatly reduced rates. Consult nearest Ticket Agent. Governor's Review Tuesday, July 21. 290 15-20

John Hanger of Greensburg was a Sunday visitor with friends in Charleroi.

Two men were arrested Saturday evening by the local police for drunkenness.

CHARLEROI WINS FROM SCOTSDALE; VICTORIOUS OVER FAIRMONT BUNCH

Willis Humphries, who used to work for the Millers was pitted against his old team mates Saturday and succeeded in handing them a defeat, allowing seven hits for three runs. Hulbert heaved for the Millers and was touched up pretty freely, fourteen safe ones for eight tallies was registered. Charleroi had at least two hits in every inning but the seventh and eighth when but one was secured.

Charleroi started the ball rolling by scoring in the first round when Dunn singled and Cosgrove hit for two bags. The Millers went one better in their half by registering two on a walk, a passed ball and a single. Charleroi evened it up in the second on an error and three singles. The Cherus didn't score in the third but piled up six runs in the fourth, fifth and sixth innings on six hits and a couple of errors. The Millers got busy in the sixth round and succeeded in getting one more to their credit on James life and Ferguson's double.

Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	1	2	0	0	0
Dunn, s.....	2	3	2	2	0
O'Hare, m.....	1	2	0	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	1	2	1	0	0
Robb, l.....	0	1	2	0	0
Heinz, l.....	0	2	10	0	0
Dalley, c.....	2	1	6	4	0
Houser, 3.....	0	1	2	1	0
W. Humphries, p.....	1	2	1	2	1

Totals 8 14 27 12 3

SCOTSDALE	R	H	P	A	E
Johnson, l.....	1	1	1	0	0
O'Connor, l.....	1	2	14	0	0
James, r.....	1	1	0	1	1
Ferguson, 2.....	0	2	0	4	1
King, 3.....	0	0	0	4	0
Troy, c.....	0	0	6	2	0
Bailes, s.....	0	0	2	1	0
Sweeney, m.....	0	1	2	1	0
Hurlbert, p.....	0	0	1	2	0
Hazelton.....	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 3 7 24 16 3

Batted for Hurlbert in the ninth. Scottdale.....2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0-3 Charleroi.....1 1 0 1 1 4 0 0-8 Two-base hits—Robb, Ferguson, Humphries. Sacrifice hits—Robb, Houser, Humphries. Stolen bases—Dally. Humphries. Hit by pitched ball—Humphries. First base on balls—Off Humphries 5. Struck out—By Humphries 4, by Hurlbert 3. Umpire—Gochler.

531. Going higher. Fairmont again today. Humphries is somewhat of a swatter.

That hauling over the fire seems to have some effect.

The next game at home will be with Fairmont on the 27th.

Cal Vabirder with Charleroi in 1906 pitched a winner for Canton Saturday.

Tommy Murray is causing a sensation in the Tri-State league with his hitting and throwing. He is picked as one of those to be picked up by the big league this season.

CHARLEROI MAN POSSESSOR OF VALUABLE INSTRUMENT

One of the finest Landolfi violins in America is now owned by a Charleroi man. Emory Porterfield, who for several months has been studying violin music under Prof. John Koella of Toledo, Ohio. The instrument was purchased from Saundness Brothers, Toledo, dealers in fine violins, and is valued at \$1600.

The history of the violin is almost complete and can be traced back nearly to the maker's own hands. It was owned and highly prized by one family for one hundred years. Carlo Landolfi, the maker of the instrument, learned the trade under the great master Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, of Cremona. Landolfi after mastering the art, moved to Milan, set up a shop of his own and worked from 1780 to 1775. His work was something superior and his violins and cellos are highly prized by artists for their rich tone and surpassing beauty.

Guarnerius Landolfi's are exceedingly rare, for the reason that the output was small. The violin owned by Mr.

Down on the Fairmont's grounds somewhat of a pitchers battle was indulged in by Bert Humphries and Mr. King of the Babies. It was an even break for the two twirlers for ten innings and as fast as the husky swatters would face the heavers they would go down and out. Now and then a swatter would manage to connect safely but his followers would try in vain to send him his way and not until the eleventh inning was the official score allowed to make a mark that resembled a run, and then it came to Charleroi. With one in the grave Osborne picked out a good one and reached first in safety. Humphries tried to send him on but succeeded in striking out. King lost his bearing and soaked Nally with one and when Dunn followed with a two sacker both runners crossed the plate. O'Hara then came to the front with a clean single on which Dunn scored from second. Several opportunities were afforded the Babies to cross the gum but each time they failed.

Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.....	1	0	3	0	0
Dunn, s.....	1	3	2	3	0
O'Hare, m.....	0	2	2	1	0
Cosgrove, 2.....	0	0	3	6	0
Heinz, l.....	0	0	15	1	0
Dalley, c.....	0	0	3	1	1
Houser, 3.....	0	0	1	1	1
Osborne, l.....	1	1	2	0	0
W. Humphries, p.....	2	2	5	0	0

Totals 3 8 33 18 2

FAIRMONT	R	H	P	A	E
Ove, l.....	0	0	2	0	0
Fisher, l.....	0	0	8	0	0
Kramer, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
Seagrass, c.....	0	0	7	2	0
Barker, 2.....	0	1	3	5	0
Wright, m.....	0	1	9	1	0
Osborne, l.....	0	3	0	0	0
King, 3.....	0	1	0	1	0
King, p.....	0	1	0	1	0

Totals 0 6 33 11 0

Fairmont...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0 Charleroi...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-3 Two-base hits—Humphries 2, Dunn. Sacrifice hits—Parker, King, Cosgrove. First base on balls—Off Humphries 1. Shut out—By King 5, by Humphries 1. Double play—Dunn, Cosgrove and Heinz. Hit by pitched ball—O'Hara, Nally.

Dunn is coming to the front as the timely hitter of the bunch.

Patrich has been let out by Scottdale. They had too many heavers.

Ody Abbott is picked as the fastest man on base in the O. & P. league.

There seems to be something wrong with Hi Elliott since joining McKeesport. He has been hitting since joining the team.

Tillie Dewar had his shoulder blade broken in the game last week which will probably keep him out for the remainder of the season.

Charleroi has lost the services of Bob Coulson, playing under the name of Robb, Cincinnati Nationals having purchased him and he reports today. Coulson started playing with Charleroi in the Valley league in 1906

KNOCKED FROM TELEPHONE POLE; FATALY INJURED

C. L. Grandon, a lineman employed by the West Penn Electric Co., since the first of the month being stationed at Elizabeth, died yesterday morning in the McKeesport Hospital, as a result of injuries received by being knocked from a pole in Elizabeth, where he was working. Grandon formerly lived in Monongahela and was employed by the company there. He was well known in Charleroi.

He was at the top of a pole at work on a line Saturday night putting it in repair, when his chin accidentally came in contact with a telephone wire that had been

charged with lightning. He was knocked off the pole where he was working on the sidewalk below striking on his back. He was picked up at once, and a physician called. The man's injuries were dressed as well as possible and he taken to the McKeesport Hospital. There it was learned that the back was broken, and Grandon could not possibly be saved from death. His sufferings were relieved by the use of drugs until Sunday morning when he died.

Grandon was extremely popular among his fellow employees. He is survived by a wife and two small children.

FATHER OF CHARLEROI MERCHANT PASSES AWAY

Wellsville, Ohio, July 19.—Alexander G. Wells, oldest inhabitant and founder of Wellsville, one of the most widely known men in the State, died suddenly at noon today. Death was due to age, Mr. Wells having celebrated the hundredth anniversary of his birth on June 3.

Mr. Wells was for 72 years in the mercantile business here, was one whose influence secured an outlet for industrial productions by getting the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad, of which he was one of the first directors, through this section, and was the son of William Wells, who built the first house in Wellsville.

Among the children which survive is Marcellus Wells, of Charleroi. Others are William G. Wells, Lisbon; Kemble Wells, Alexander R. Wells; Mrs. Helen M. Arnold, Emmett H. Wells and Mrs. Margaret Taylor of Wellsville.

Very Filthy.

The people of Charleroi are up in arms against the water company of that place and the affair will be up to the court before it is settled. The water company has sued the borough for five quarters water rent. We cannot see where the company has anything to boast about their supply of water to the "Magic City." It is about the filthiest stuff that is put through pipes in the valley and the wonder is that in Charleroi there is not more disease than is at present prevalent. The town is big enough to own its own water works and place proper filtration devices in for the protection of the health of the community, instead of paying out thousands of dollars for pumping the dirty water of Maple Creek into the water mains. It might be a good thing for the people of Charleroi if the Monongahela catastrophe would hit their water works and then they would be in shape to get a more up-to-date plant and the people would use the water without first calling up the physician.—Roscoe Ledger.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reeves of Fallowfield avenue have returned from a few days visit at Niagara Falls.

Miss Celia Burns of Steubenville, Ohio, has returned home after a visit in Charleroi with Miss Hilda Callaghan.

under the management of Dave Lindsay. Last year he caused quite a sensation in the P. O. M. league with his hitting and attracted the attention of several big league scouts. While at State College this season he led the club in fielding and batting. Coulson left Charleroi for Cincinnati to join the team immediately.

BLUE LAWS NOT OBSERVED HERE ON SUNDAY

Despite all talk to the contrary, Charleroi did not have a Blue Sunday yesterday. Nearly all the stores and shops which had in the past kept open, were as usual serving customers. The drug and confectionary stores were also open as usual, and soda water and ice cream was dispensed for the enjoyment of the usual Sunday custom.

A FOOL, A STRAW, A MULE; HOSPITAL

Uniontown, July 19.—Fighting a mule with a piece of straw George Fields, of Camden, was kicked with such force that he sustained a fracture of the right arm. In his effort to escape from the mule's hoof he collided with Charles Riley and Riley was also badly injured about the legs and body. The injured men were taken to the Cooper hospital.

Show Arrives.

The Animal Show which has been advertised for Charleroi arrived in town this morning and the owners are busy erecting the tent under which the wild beasts will be seen. The tent is on McKean avenue between Fifth and Sixth streets. The opening will be Tuesday when the public will be given an opportunity of viewing one of the greatest collection of animals ever gotten together. The admission is ten cents.

Preaches on "Model Lover."

Rev. H. O. McDonald of Monessen preached a sermon last evening on the topic of "A Model Lover." Opinions on the subject of what a woman should be that they would marry were read from a number of young men. On last Sunday evening he read letters from the young women of his congregation.

Mrs. Jennie Kistler widow of William Kistler wishes to express her heartfelt thanks to the numerous friends who have assisted and kindly remembered her and her family in the hour of deep sorrow for the loss of their beloved husband and father, and to others they wish to thank the members of the Knights of Pythias, I. O. O. F. and the Rebecca lodges, the Miners Local, the members of the Charleroi M. E. church and all the numerous personal friends who have rendered their kind assistance. Mrs. Jennie Kistler and Family. 29311

We Guard the Interests of Our Depositors

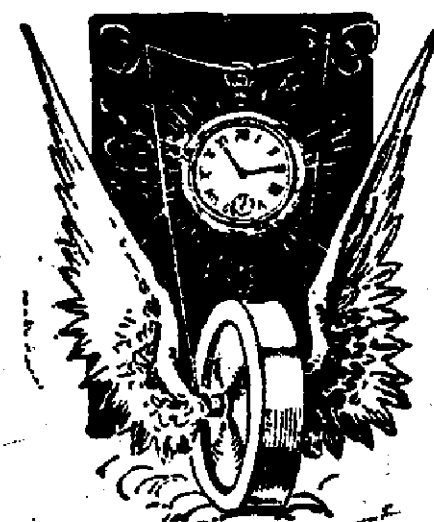
The First National Bank of Charleroi is conservative in policy, progressive and energetic in its methods. It carefully guards the interests of its patrons. You are cordially invited to open an account and make use of the facilities of this Safe and Obliging Banking Institution.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts
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THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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HARRY E. PRICE, Business Manager

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second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year..... \$5.00
Six Months..... \$2.50
Three Months..... \$1.25
All subscriptions payable in advance.
Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six
cents per week.
Contributions of public interest are
welcome, but as an evidence of good
faith, and not necessarily for publication,
they invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bell 76 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press
Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first
insertion. Rates for large space
contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as
business locals, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
that in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and estray notices,
bank notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Micht..... Charleroi
Clay Collins..... Speers
D. Dooley..... Dunlevy
Justave Clements..... Lock No. 4

July 20 in History.

1854—Caroline Souther,
poet and novelist,
widow of the laureate,
died; born 1787.
1860—Austrian-Italian
naval battle of Lissa.
1870—Beginning of the
Franco-Prussian
war.
1897—Jean Ingelow, British poet and
novelist, died in London; born 1830.
1906—Peace between Guatemala and
the Salvador-Honduras alliance.



Jean Ingelow.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:23, rises 4:43; moon rises
11:52 p. m.; moon's age, 23 days; plan-
et Mercury visible low in east before
sunrise; sun's declination today, 20 de-
grees 40 minutes north of celestial
equator.

Undiluted Wisdom.

The Monessen Independent, after
taking a swipe at the Charleroi Mirror
for advocating a free bridge, sets forth
the following in opposition to that
project. We reprint it so that people
may understand why the Independent
says Solomon was only a piker in the
wisdom game. After reading it they
will unanimously conclude that poor
old Solomon's mantle would not make
a breech-clout for the Independent:

"It says that men are working at
Belle Vernon because the glass fac-
tory at Charleroi is idle and holds that
Washington and Fayette counties
should go to the enormous expense of
buying the old bridge in order that
these few men may save, to spend in
some other way, the insignificant sum
of 5 cents a day until they can get
work at Charleroi. What an injustice
would be done the taxpayers of these
counties if that article was taken seri-
ously.

"If Charleroi can't keep its people
employed and they are forced to labor
elsewhere it is no argument that the
taxpayers of the counties should put
up the coin to furnish transportation
to other quarters. Might as well ask
the counties to furnish street car fare
for those who work in the mills of
Monessen and live in other towns."

That large splash you heard in the
river Saturday night was caused by the
people of Charleroi and Belle Vernon
throwing the project overboard after
reading the Independent. They saw
then how they had made a mistake
but did not realize it until a master
mind had illuminated the subject with
its effulgent rays of wisdom. It is
understood that there are a few stub-
born and short-sighted recalcitrants
who refuse to accept the clear and
convincing wisdom of the Independent
and these stiff-necked and re-
bellious ones are going ahead with the
project. A handful of the "mistakes of
Men" and some later-day Solomons.
Some people argue that a toll
bridge is a relic of the stage coach, an
archaic relic in the electric age, an
anachronism on the body politic, a wart
on the nose of progress, a corn on the
toe of civilization and a pimple on the
little finger of enterprise, being mere-
ly the chrysalis stage in the develop-
ment of real, live communities.
The truth is cruel at times but in

the end is kindness, so those whose
aspirations were blasted by the cold,
remorseless, cruel wisdom of the in-
dependent, can console themselves in
their grief, by remembering that
"Whom the Lord loves He chastens."

What Is Reform?

That question is frequently asked
and generally the answers are widely
different in their nature. The largest
part of the thing called reform consists
of schemes hatched by politicians out
of office in order to get into office. The
other part consists in making other
people uncomfortable by interfering
in matters with which they amuse
themselves and for which you have no
stomach.

There is a wave of reform sweeping
over this section. Its inspiration in
this county is baffled political ambi-
tion. In Charleroi the inspiration is
a desire to mace the so-called foreign
business men, though just why a man
who is citizen and a taxpayer is called
a foreigner is not clear.

Had the desire for a puritan Sunday
been sincere, then a general notice to
each man would have been given and
the consequences of a violation pointed
out to him. Was that done? The
men arrested last week say it was not
and the first they knew of the matter
was when they were arrested. It is a
waste of breath to attempt to deny
that there was no discrimination made
As a result there was no business done
in Charleroi save by the railroad com-
pany, the trolley lines, the livery
stables, the automobile garages, the
restaurants, the hotels some of the ice
cream parlors and soda fountains and
several other things.

Any person desiring anything in the
fruit line merely crossed the river.
The trolley cars were crowded with
people going to out of town places to
secure that which they could not get
in Charleroi.

No one wants a "Continental Sun-
day," nor yet a puritan Sabbath. A
happy medium exists between the two
but as long as steam and trolley roads
run on Sunday those who desire a
day of revel and sport instead of
observing it in a proper manner will
have one. If they really desire to
have a puritan Sunday, let them stop
the passenger cars from running and
people can buy steam launches, horses
or automobiles and keep the Sabbath
the way it should be kept.

Other Briefs.

The editor of the Charleroi Mail
writes as though he held a brief for
the politicians and the corporations.—
Canonsburg Notes.

And the editor of the Canonsburg
Notes writes as though he held a brief
for the peevish, the petulant and the
petty, the rigidly righteous and the
"unco guid."

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Pct
Uniontown.....	10	25	.615
Clarksburg.....	12	30	.583
Charleroi.....	31	30	.531
Connellsville.....	33	32	.504
Fairmont.....	30	41	.423
Scottdale.....	22	43	.338

Saturday's Results.

Charleroi.....	8	Scottdale.....	3
Uniontown.....	1	Fairmont.....	3
Connellsville.....	5	Clarksburg.....	2

Yesterday's Results.

Charleroi.....	3	Fairmont.....	0
Clarksburg.....	4	Scottdale.....	2
11 innings			

Games Today

Charleroi at Fairmont
Scottdale at Clarksburg
Uniontown at Connellsville

A Revised Nursery Jingle.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any
wool?
"I had, gentle master, a whole basketful.
But I wandered one day in the street they
called Wall.
And now of my pretty wool I've none at
all!"

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Neglected.

Mrs. Stiles—I do wish you'd try to
keep yourself neater.
Mr. Stiles—But, my dear, you're not
so careful—
Mrs. Stiles—I'm not? I'm certainly
more careful of my clothes than you.
Mr. Stiles—Exactly. Whereas you
should be more careful of me.—Cath-
olic Standard and Times.

Change of Name.

A lady there was named Maria,
To whom said her husband, Josiah,
"You tell, my dear, lies
Of such a big size
They should have baptised you Ma-
phira!"
—Baltimore American.

The Short Cut.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Literary Press.

When Marjorie opened her sewing
room window to let in the brisk morn-
ing breeze the picture she made in her
white dress, framed by the climbing
vines, was refreshing enough to make
any passer by look up a second time.
One did, though Marjorie was quite
unaware of the fact.

Her thoughts were as far away as
the shadowy mountains beyond which
she had lived her old and happier life.
For several years now Marjorie's world
had been on this side of the hills, so
she sighed, sat down by the open win-
dow and began sewing interminable
yards of lace on strips of fine muslin.
The stitches were microscopic, as be-
fitted the trousseau of a "daughter of
the rich."

Half an hour later a whistle as spon-
taneous as a bird's trill made her jump
up and again look out of the window.

In the young man swinging down the
road Marjorie recognized one of the
summer guests. He opened the gate
and came down the path toward her
window.

In her haste to escape being caught
in the very act of provincial curiosity
Marjorie dropped her thimble. It
struck a stone on the edge of the walk
and, with a metallic ring, bounded off
into the garden. The young man re-
sisted it most gallantly.

"It isn't every day a young man finds



"DON'T YOU LOVE ME? DON'T YOU WANT
TO BE MY WIFE?"

thimbles growing in a garden," he
said, significantly dropping the silver
trifle into her hand.

Now, Marjorie understood perfectly
well his reference to Peter Pan's call-
ing kisses thimbles, but she feigned
ignorance. Diverging as such audacity
might be, she must not encourage it,
wherefore she said "Thank you" with
austere courtesy.

"You are Miss Marjorie Phillips, are
you not?" asked the unperturbed
young man. "I started out very early
this morning to find you."

Marjorie glanced at the thimble,
which unconsciously she had slipped
on its proper finger.

"There's no denying the evidence,"
she said, with a pensive little smile
which crept straight into the young
man's heart.

"I have a message for you, Miss
Phillips, from my cousin, or, rather,"
he corrected, smiling up at her, "a re-
quest to make. Julia—Miss Robbins—
has a friend visiting her and wants to
know at what time she may bring her
down this afternoon to see the things
you are making. There; I think I got
that right. Does it sound rational?"

"Quite intelligent," laughed Marjo-
rie. "Please tell Miss Robbins that the
exhibit will be ready any time after 2,
which means—"

"Oh, I know," broke in the loqua-
cious message bearer. "It means that
I mustn't bother you any longer." Then
he added mischievously: "I came by
here an hour ago on my way to the
postoffice, but was too scared to come
in. It was lucky you dropped the thim-
ble just when you—"

But at the word "thimble" Marjorie
took flight.

"Well," called Julia Robbins as Over-
ton reached the steps of the luxuri-
ously appointed porch, "did you deliver
my message to the village sewing
girl?"

Before replying Overton lit a ciga-
rette with exasperating deliberation.

"Yes," he answered at length. "I
gave your message to Miss Phillips,
and she says you and Miss Morton
may come any time after 2."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the as-
tonished Julia. "We may come," and
"Miss Phillips," indeed?

"Look here, Julia Robbins," returned
Overton feelingly, "I think it's an out-
rage for a little flower of a girl like
that to be sewing her eyes out for an-
other girl who happens to have money
and can—"

"Stop right there," commanded Julia.
"Catherine here will think you're a
hot headed Socialist. Would you have
me sewing my own eyes out perchance,
dear cousin?"

"Well, perhaps I am a bit hasty,"
Julia, admitted Overton good natured-
ly. "Forgive me and tell me what you
know about this little Miss Phillips."

"Nothing romantic, Garret, I assure
you. Her family used to come here
summers, I believe. And after her
father died a bankrupt the girl took to

sewing for the summer folks. Does
that stir your young imagination?"
"And she supports herself and her
mother," inquired Garret, with cutting
directness.

"Why, I suppose so," answered Julia
laughingly.

Whereupon, with a careless "Well,
goodby; I'm off for a day's fishing,"
Overton sauntered away with little
comprehension of the feminine conster-
nation he was leaving behind him.

Julia was the first to recover.
"Don't you care, Catherine," she
said defiantly. "We'll nip that little
romance in the bud."

Several days later, upon catching
sight of Marjorie at the window, Over-
ton swung open the little cottage gate
and called out cheerily, "Lost any more
thimbles, Miss Phillips?"

Marjorie, her color mounting high,
pretended not to hear and continued
sewing with nervous haste.

"You have another message from
Miss Robbins?" she asked politely.

"Not on your life!" was the unex-
pected reply. "I came on my own account
this time, Miss Phillips. I want to ask
you some questions."

"I'm very busy, Mr. Overton."

Garret noted the knowledge of his
name. He remembered that he had
not mentioned it at their first inter-
view. So she had been making in-
quiries about him! She was more in-
terested than she appeared.

"Do all girls think these flippant
things—a necessary matrimonial as-
sessment?" he asked, indicating with a nod
the piles of snowy thin stuff on the
chairs about her.

"Your cousin and Miss Morton are
not exceptions, I think."

As she mentioned the girl's name
Marjorie watched Overton's face close-
ly, but there was no betrayal of any
personal interest.

"Do you make a specialty of trousse-
aux?" was his next question.

"It looks as though I should have to,"
Marjorie answered. "As soon as I
have finished your cousin's there will
be one to make for Miss Morton. I un-
derstand."

"Really?" was Overton's sur-
prised exclamation. "Who's the man, may I
ask? You have evidently been taken
into confidence."

"I've evidently been taken in," was
Marjorie's scarcely audible reply as,
with flushed cheeks, she gathered up
her sewing and left the window.

"Well, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Over-
ton as the truth of the situation dawned
upon him. "So that's the game!"

Every morning thereafter, rain or
shine, Overton bade Marjorie "Good
morning" at her window, for he had
discovered that through her garden lay
a short cut to the village postoffice.
Marjorie, on her part, failed to hang
out a "No Trespassing" sign, though
common sense told her that she ought
to do so.

But one sunny morning Overton, im-
patient, threw discretion and conven-
tions to the wind.

"Little Miss Marjorie," he said
pleadingly, "do you suppose I could
persuade you to make a trousseau for
—for my wife to be?"

The color flashed rebelliously into
Marjorie's cheeks, and tears gathered
in her eyes. One daring little drop
slipped over her lashes and fell upon
Garret's hand.

"Why, what is this, dearest? You're
not crying? Don't you love me? Don't
you want to be my wife? I thought—"
For answer the tired girl dropped
her head on his hands, which still held
hers, and sobbed softly.

But Overton understood.

"Marjorie," he said lovingly, "look up
at me, little one."

Very shyly Marjorie lifted her pretty,
tumbled head, then drew away from
the window with frightened haste.

"They are watching us," she whis-
pered from behind the curtains, "your
cousin and her friend."

"I'm glad of it," Garret replied, with
a laugh. "Do you think if I should
come back tonight, sweetheart, that
we could find any—thimbles—in the
garden?"

"It will be pretty dark," she an-
swered softly, "but—I'll help you."

Origin of the Cravat.

While every man wears a cravat,
there is probably not one in a thousand
who could in an offhand way tell you
how it came about that men first
placed such an ornament about their
collars. The word cravat came into our
language about 1636. Prior to that
year a feature of the uniform of the
Austrian cavalry was a wide band of
coarse linen worn in folds around the
neck under their short hussar jackets.
This cavalry organization was called
the Cravattes. Later in the seven-
teenth century France recruited a re-
giment of cavalry, adopting for it the
uniform of the Austrian regiment re-
cruited in Croatia, calling it the Royal
Cravattes. Later in England the word
cravat was applied to a neckerchief.
After the battle of Steenkerke, in Flan-
ders, in 1692, an English officer brought
home the steenkirk, a long flowing
neckscarf. The neckwear today is
clearly traceable to the steenkirk, and
the modification it underwent—Sartor-
ial Art Journal.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Green—D'ye remember that
ornary little Pimpernell boy that
helped me with 'th' hayin' last year?
I give him \$13 a month an' found.
Well, he's got to be a right smart ball
pitcher, an' 't'other day a feller came
along an' offered him \$3,000 to finish
out 'th' season with a professional club.
The City Boarder—Well, well! He
jumped at it, of course?

Farmer Green—Not yet. Sandy Pim-
pernell may be a freckle faced runt,
but he's got a proper pride about him
too. He says that he don't know as
he cares to be tied up to any team
that looks like it might be a tall ender.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Among the Exchanges

In "Evening Chat" the Harris-
burg Telegraph some old time local-
isms are recounted in these words:

"The 'dog days' have arrived.
They sneaked quietly in last Saturday.
If you don't believe it consult Baer's
Lancaster county almanac, the old, re-
liable authority on all climate mat-
ters in this vicinity. Among the
things that mothers are now caution-
ing their growing sons against are
these: Don't go swimming during the
'dog days,' you'll get boils if you
do; don't pet strange dogs, they're
liable to be mad during the 'dog
days'; stay out of the heat as much as
possible, you're likely to have sun-
stroke during the 'dog days'; look out
for snakes, they're worse than usual
during the 'dog days.' And young
American will go out about his busi-
ness just the same as if there were no
'dog days' and he will be no worse for
them when they are over."

Referring to the decision of the
court in Lackawanna county, by
which the prolonged contention be-
tween owners of coal lands and the
county commissioners over the recent
increased valuation has been adjusted
by reducing the proposed increase
about forty per cent, the Scranton Re-
publican says: "While naturally the
finding of the court in the coal assess-
ment dispute is not satisfactory to
either side it must be regarded as a
compromise that has been undertaken
with as much fairness and honesty of
purpose as could be true of any
method of arriving at the desired re-
sult. The court really acted in the
capacity of an arbitration board, using
extraordinary effort to bring the
opposing force together, and when
this was impossible, adjusting the
question according to the best inter-
ruption of the hand."

Cleanliness, which is considered
one of the essentials of good health and
proper sanitation, does not seem to be
observed by everybody in Allentown,
according to the observations of the
Allentown Morning Call, which says:
The "Morning Call is of the opinion
that the local health authorities should
insist on more stringent rules, regard-
ing the sale of ice cream block by
street vendors. Some of the foreign-
ers who peddle the refreshing dainty
look as though they stood in need of a
good old-fashioned scrubbing and
thorough fumigation. If they are as
careless in the matter of personal
cleanliness it is also likely that they
are in the manufacture and handling of
their wares. Their customers, as a
rule, are children whose untutored
minds have not yet been impressed by
the importance of sanitary regula-
tions in the matter of preparing
cream. It is necessary for the authori-
ties to throw safeguards about the
little ones."

W. H. Atkins and J. E. Masters of
Charleroi and John Cushing of Mon-
essen have returned from Dallas,
Texas, where they attended the Elk's
convention.

The Proof of the Pudding

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THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Influences That Draw It From Its Allegiance to the Pole.

Nothing in the navigational equipment of a ship has been the subject of more anxious research or receives more jealous care than the mariner's compass.

The popular notion of the compass needle always pointing north and south is—well, more inaccurate than even popular notions usually are. Even under the most favorable conditions there are only certain places upon the surface of the earth where the compass needle does point north and south, and it is quite safe to say that such conditions are never found on board of any ship.

But we must go further and say that no more unfavorable position could be found for a compass than on board of a modern steamship, which is a complicated mass of steel, all tending to draw the compass needle from its allegiance to the magnetic pole of the earth, warring influences which must needs be counteracted by all sorts of devices which hedge round the instrument by an invisible wall of conflicting currents of magnetism.

And as if this were not enough there are now huge dynamos to be reckoned with, producing electric currents for all sorts of purposes on board. In the midst of these mystic currents the poor little compass needle, upon which the mariner depends for his guide across the trackless deep, hangs suspended like one shrinking saint surrounded by legions of devils.—Windsor Magazine.

Martian Life Dying.

A sadder interest attaches to such existence—that it is, cosmically speaking, soon to pass away. To our eventual descendants life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have lapsed beyond the hope of study or recall. Thus to us it takes on an added glamour from the fact that it has not long to last, for the process that brought it to its present pass must go on to the bitter end until the last spark of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly, but surely, time will snuff it out. When the last ember is thus extinguished the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career forever ended.—Professor Lowell in Century.

The Silkworm.

The thread of the silkworm is one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness.

Maltese Lace.

The original maltese lace was a coarse kind of meubla or valenciennes in an arabesque pattern. Malta has the first claim to the invention of fine guipures, which are usually called maltese laces.

Rhubarb.

The rhubarb of slender stock variety is sweeter than the mammoth growth. It is better for all purposes.

A Czar's Novel Visiting Card.

The Russians tell a story of the late Czar Alexander III, that upon the rare occasions when it was incumbent upon him to pay a call he would take a gold coin bearing his "image and superscription" and, twisting it between thumb and finger, leave it in lieu of a card, the only man in Russia who had strength for the feat.

Buddhists.

The number of Buddhists is computed to be 453,000,000.

Powder Mill Workers.

The garments of workers in powder mills are pocketless, so that they cannot carry knives or matches or, indeed, anything and are made of nonflammable material. No one is allowed to go about with trousers turned up at the bottom, because grit is collected in that way, and the merest hard speck is dangerous.

Old London Water.

In the reign of James I. water was supplied by two or three conduits in the principal streets of London, and the river and suburban springs were the sources of supply.

HERE AND THERE

John Wilson has been appointed postmaster at Houston, Nelson H. Boyd postmaster at Fidelityville and Robert L. McMahon postmaster at Baird, Washington county.

Owing to the recent robberies in Daisytown the foreigners of that place are becoming alarmed and will attempt to protect their property at all hazards. Last night thieves entered several houses in "Rocco Patch" and secured \$35.

A movement is well on foot for the organization for a volunteer fire department in East Washington. Residents in this borough saw this is something that has been long needed and badly needed.

It is probable that the board of county commissioner will have a map of the roads of Washington county prepared according to the provisions of the act of assembly.

George Nowenski, of Midland, was arrested on a charge of enticing a child away from its home for immoral purposes. The offense is alleged to have been committed at Kismetown. The defendant was held for court.

The Goodley Military band, which is composed of local colored musicians, held a lawn fete Thursday evening at the home of John Lotterby, in Elm street, South Canonsburg. The affair was well patronized and the band rendered a number of selections.

Rietsch Bros., who have the contract for the construction of the State road from the Canonsburg borough line to the North Strabane-Peters township line, have a good-sized force of workmen employed on the eastern end of the section, and are working westward from the VanEman farm, at Linden creek.

What Happened.

He was waiting for her father in the hall. For he wished to ask permission—That was all—Of the stern old magnate stately if he objected greatly To his marrying his daughter In the fall.

At last he saw her father. Grim and tall, And he told him his desires—That was all. The stairs seemed never ending. And a surgeon now is mending The bones that he had broken In the fall.

—Reynold Smith Pickering in New York Herald.

Cough Remedy.

This cough remedy has rarely been known to fail in giving relief: Roast a lemon very carefully without burning it. When it is thoroughly hot cut it open at one end and squeeze into a cup containing three ounces of finely powdered sugar. Take a spoonful whenever the cough troubles. It is excellent and most agreeable to the taste.

No Energy.

The notions some men have of "a Contented mind" are hazy. They claim they have contented minds When they are merely lazy. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Not He.

Wife—I've invited one of my old beaux to dinner. Do you mind? Husband—Mind! Heavens, no! I always love to associate with lucky people.—New York Life.

Maddening.

"Twas in a dream—he'll ne'er forget— He made ten thousand dollars net, And he awoke to swear a bit And find he had ten thousand—nil! —Bohemian Magazine.

Same Old Trouble.

"S'pose dar wuz a possum fer ever po' man in de country?" "Dat wouldn't help matters any. Dey'd sho climb high enough ter roost out er reach!"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Motto.

The famous steerer's motto As he goes upon his way Is "Never put off till tomorrow What you can do today."

Railroad Courtship.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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Alice Twitchell stood in the concourse of the Grand Central station, moaning her fate. She had just missed the 3:45 for Greenwich. Something (or was it some one?) struck her violently in the back, and she swung round just as a young man dashed by to the closed gate. She was adjusting a shaken puff when the youth returned full of apologies.

"I beg your pardon, but I did want to catch that 3:45 train the worst way," he said as he mopped his brow.

"So did I," replied Alice with emphasis, "but I did not think it necessary to employ personal violence as a means of catching it."

Alice turned from the apologetic man, who stood regarding her with open admiration. The latter or something magnetic in his personality, added to the thought of the two hours she had to wait before the next train left for Greenwich, made her hesitate.

"You deserve some form of punishment suited to your offense," she said, with charming assumed severity.

"Oh, I say," continued the man, "I'm no professional slagger, you know, just a plain, everyday lawyer running out of town for a holiday," and he produced his card in verification of the statement. "And maybe you'll be easier when I tell you that there was a girl on that train I've been trying to meet for two years."

Alice read the name on the card, "Mr. Walter Witherspoon." Then she smiled. He followed her into the waiting room, and they sat down on the uncomfortable benches. Conversation of an impersonal but interesting nature made the wait remarkably short. Once settled in comfortable Pullman chairs they were like old traveling companions.

"You see," Mr. Witherspoon was explaining, "this girl I missed on the other train is a peach—the prettiest girl ever—except you."

"Don't you think we might have a window open, Mr. Witherspoon?" Alice interrupted. Witherspoon opened the window and turned the conversation into a less personal channel.

"Where do you visit in Greenwich?" "Oh, me—that is, I—oh, I am going to visit my grandmother," answered Alice, with halting speech.

"I bet she's a dear old lady," assured Witherspoon. "Now, this other girl that I was going to meet—she had no relatives."

Alice offered no interruptions this time, and he rattled on.

"She's an orphan, no brothers, sisters, mother or grandmother—nobody but herself. The Hardys are giving a celebration of their wedding anniversary, and they asked Miss Twitchell and me. And, well, you know that all happy brides are matchmakers! But I'm jolly glad I missed her."

"The next station is ours, I think," suggested Alice.

"By Jove, so it is," agreed Witherspoon. "How time does fly in good company! Say, there's a chap, Billy Brewster, who's going to be there, and he gets all the girls under the spell of his fascination. I thought if I could just head him off with this other girl—but now—"

"Greenwich!" shrieked the conductor. It was quite dark when the two left the train, and Witherspoon bade reluctant adieus to his companion. He offered to find her carriage, but she declined this assistance. Then he asked if he might know her name.

"Smith," said Alice, "just S-m-i-t-h, the old fashioned spelling, you know," and she was lost in the darkness and the crowd.

Billy Brewster met Witherspoon with the trap, but seemed surprised to find him alone.

"Where's Miss Twitchell, old chap? She didn't come up on the other train," said Brewster as they climbed in the trap.

"Hanged if I know, Bill," assured Witherspoon. "And, for that matter, I don't care. I met the most beautiful girl on the train, and I'm all in. If it takes me a lifetime I'll find her again and marry her."

"You ought to have lived in the twelfth century, Walter. They carried off the women by force in those days," encouraged Billy.

Once inside the Hardy country home the men were called to account. Where was Miss Twitchell? Mrs. Hardy expressed so much solicitude that Billy Brewster offered to go back and look for her guest once more.

Witherspoon turned to go to his room and change his clothes for the evening when the bell rang and Mrs. Hardy opened the door to admit the lost guest. Witherspoon caught her voice and stood glued to the stairs.

"Oh, I'm here all right," she said, "I came up in a station trap. I missed the 3:45 and had to wait for the 5:45. Now, do let me run up to my room and get into a comfy light frock, and then I'll tell you all about it."

Half an hour later Witherspoon returned to the drawing room. His collar seemed a bit too small, for he kept pulling at it. Why did his vest keep riding up? He pulled it down once, twice and then again. Perhaps he was nervous. He stood by an open window smoking a cigarette, trying to look perfectly calm, when the rustle of silk and flosses made him change color.

"Walter, come here," called Mrs. Hardy. "I want you to know the"

dearest girl, Miss Twitchell. You've heard us talk about her so often."

And, as usual, the woman saved the day.

"Mr. Witherspoon and I are old friends," said Alice as she took his hand and looked up into his eyes with a merry twinkle in her own. "But the person I want to meet is the invincible Mr. Billy Brewster, said to be world famous for his fascination."

The guests at Mrs. Hardy's celebration, which lasted until Monday morning, promptly realized that two of the party were almost continually missing from the circle. When a bridge whist game was announced neither Mr. Witherspoon nor Miss Twitchell could be induced to make up a table. When swimming was suggested in the morning Alice declared it a bore to get ready, and Witherspoon agreed that sitting on the porch was preferable to a dip in cold water.

Try as he would, Billy Brewster could not secure a moment's conversation with Alice without seeing Witherspoon inconsiderately near and glowering at him. To be sure, they condescended to appear at meals with the other guests, and at the dance Saturday night Witherspoon was decently attentive to his hostess.

Monday morning arrived with unseemly haste, and who can say how it happened that the wagonette would hold only six of the eight guests returning to town? And who will explain how it happened that Witherspoon and Alice were the two selected to go in a hired trap?

It struck Alice that the drive to the station was much longer than coming from it, despite the most agreeable company by her side. Finally the old horse drew up alongside the platform, and Witherspoon helped her out. She looked in all directions for their fellow guests.

"Why, where are the rest of our crowd?" she asked in amazement.

"A-hem!" started Witherspoon. "It looks as if we had missed another train."

"How can that be?" suggested Alice. "We started at the same time they did, and now we will have to wait thirty minutes for the next train. How could it have happened?" she repeated.

"Well, the fact is," confessed Witherspoon, "it didn't happen by accident. I paid the driver \$2 to miss the train."

Alice looked at him searchingly to see if she really heard him right.

"You see," continued Witherspoon, "I wasn't going to have Billy Brewster staring at us all the way in town. I wanted you all to myself. And I want to say something to you."

"Not here in a railroad station!" cried Alice, with feminine pronunciation of what that something was.

"Why not?" asked Walter recklessly. "We're all alone, and I want to tell you that I love you, and, oh, Alice, won't you say 'Yes?'"

"Want the New York train?" yelled the station agent.

"Yes, of course," replied Alice.

Witherspoon beamed on her and grasped her hand. "Oh, sweetheart, if you knew what a happy man I am—and do you really love me?"

"I was speaking to the station agent when I said 'Yes,'" said Alice blushing. "But maybe the same answer will do for both."

Old Fashioned Wit.

The standard of wit varies from time to time. What passes for the genuine article at one period without challenge is at another condemned as puerile. Stories were commonly told of Beau Brummel and his friends which there is good reason to believe to be authentic, but which would now be regarded as too silly for credence. The famous man about town once laid a wager with the prince regent that he would see the greater number of cats if the prince chose which side of Regent street he pleased. As the result Brummel saw about twenty, while the prince had not encountered one. He was asked to explain the system on which he had gambled and did so thus: It was a very hot morning, and George IV., who liked to take his ease, chose the shady side of the street. But cats like sunshine and gratified their large numbers.

Beau Nash's wagers were not always so successful, and he once found himself nonplused by a young woman at Bath. Having bet that he would "take a rise" out of the girl, he addressed her with the remark that no doubt she was familiar with her Bible and had read the history of Tobit and his dog. "Now," said he, "can you tell me the dog's name?" The reply was as prompt as it was pertinent: "Oh, yes, sir. His name was Nash, and a very impudent dog he was."—London Globe.

Cards Are Out.

"I am glad your name is Mary," said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he has been courting for several years.

"Why so?" she asked. "Because I was reading today and came across a line which said, 'Mary is the sweetest name that a woman ever bore.'"

"That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?"

"I believe so." "But I've heard my father say there was even a sweeter name than Mary."

"I think he must have been mistaken," said the lover as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

"No, I don't think he was mistaken."

"What was the other name?"

A beautiful flush suffused the maiden's cheek, the silken lashes fell and veiled the lovely eyes, and, in a tone as soft as the whisperings of an evening harp, she murmured:

"Walter"—London Answer.

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Capital and Undivided Profits \$143,000.00

FURNACE HEATING

Insures a good circulation of warm air and is the cheapest way to heat your residence. If you are going to build, why not have your house piped for a furnace and save the cost of extra chimneys. Call and get estimate. We handle the best makes. XXth Century and Wise, and have experienced men who put them up. We do all kinds of roofing and repair work. Your tin work should be painted every year or two. We can do that or sell you the paint and you can do it. Phone us your wants. Both Phones.

D. N. HALL

412 Fallowfield Avenue

BASEBALL

Charleroi base ball Park

FAIRMONT

VS.

CHARLEROI

July 27, 28, 29

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.

BERRYMAN'S

JULY

Clearance Continues

With Unusual Briskness

Fancy and Staple Wash Goods

This sale is remarkable for the great assortment of Wash Goods at such notable reductions; far seldom indeed; is it that any such prices are put on goods that are in as complete a choice selection as these lots.

Fine Printed Lawns

A large selection of beautiful lawns, in neat figures. Regularly 15 cents the yard. July Clearance Price.....

Dainty Organdies

French Dimities, Mouseline de Soie and imported novelty, regularly 50 cents. July Clearance Price.....

THE WAISTS

You are offered an assortment of hundreds of the most beautiful waists. All are tasteful, modish styles, and you will be surprised and pleased when you examine them.

PETTICOATS

A good selection of serviceable petticoats in black and white stripes or plain black. All regularly \$1.00. July Clearance Price.....

BLACK PETTICOATS

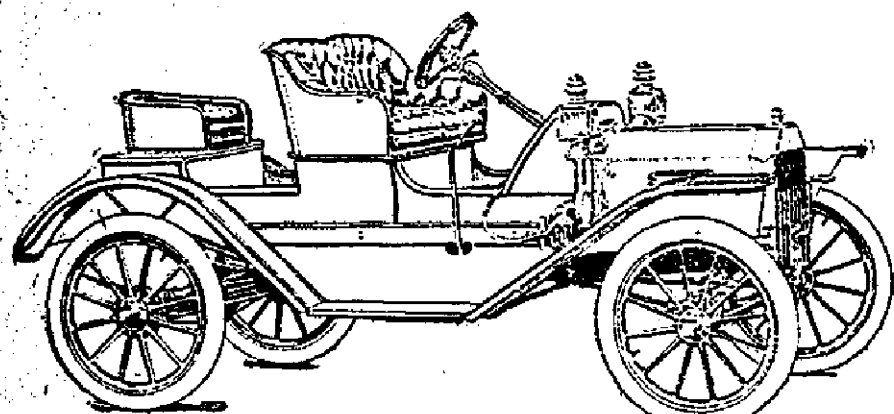
Are of high grade quality, Heatherbloom or sateen, regularly, \$3.00. Clearance Sale Price.....

Amazingly Low Prices in Women's Ready-to-Wear Suits at Less Than Cost of Material.



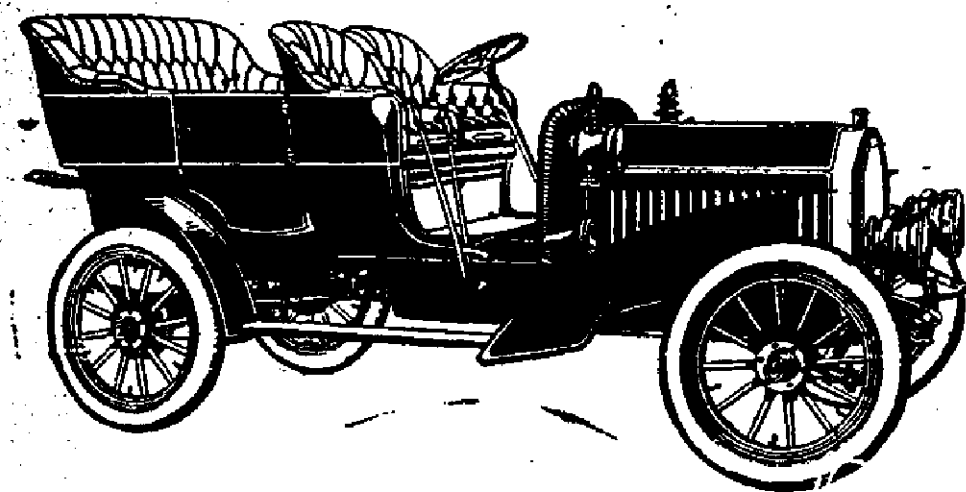
FAMOUS FORD ROADSTER

Model S Price \$750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY. Guards that entirely protect you from the mud. This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST for the money. The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny on every part. Write or phone for demonstration. We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city. Write for particulars.

Crescent Automobile Co.
5912-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Phone 480 Highland



BUICK AUTOMOBILES

Give more miles for the money than any other car made. They have been run for 6000 miles and never held up for a moment. Will travel up hill and through mud with the best cars manufactured. They have been run 10,000 miles and were still as good as the day they were built.

Model No. 10, 4 cylinder, 20 h. p. runabout, \$1,100.	Model D, 4 cylinder, 30 h. p. touring car, \$1,700.
Model G, 2 cylinder, 22 h. p. runabout, \$1,100.	Model S, 4 cylinder, 30 h. p. runabout, \$1,700.
Model F, 2 cylinder, 22 h. p. touring car, \$1,200.	Model 5, 4 cylinder, 40 h. p. touring car, \$2,500.

A. D. SPENCER

McKean Ave. and Second St.

CHARLEROI PA.

Advertise in the Mail

BIRDS' TONGUES.

Why the Parrot is Able to Imitate Human Speech.

One of the government naturalists at Washington has recently gathered some fresh information concerning the tongues of birds.

Many people suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp pointed tongues as darts with which to transfuse their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the humming bird, can dart out its tongue with astonishing rapidity and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose, yet, according to the authority mentioned, investigation shows that the object of this swift motion is only to catch the prey, not to pierce it. For the purpose of holding the captured victim the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a sticky secretion.

Considering its powers of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than the other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs, that it is able to amuse us with its mimicry.

The humming bird's tongue is in some respects the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end, so that the little bird is able to grasp its insect prey with its tongue much as if its mouth was furnished with a pair of fingers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE ANT EATER.

A Harmless Animal That Will Fight Hard When at Bay.

A peculiar looking animal is the ant eater, which is closely allied to the sloth family. Its head is drawn out into a long, tubular muzzle, at the end of which is a tiny mouth just big enough to permit the exit of its long, wormlike tongue, which is covered with a sticky saliva.

This tongue is thrust among the hosts of ants with great rapidity, coming back laden with the tiny insects. To obtain its prey the ant eater breaks open the ant hills, when all the active inhabitants swarm to the breach and are instantaneously swept away by the remorseless tongue.

The jaws of the ant eater are entirely without teeth, and the eyes and ears are very small.

There are several species of ant eater, the largest kind being about four feet long and having a tail covered with very long hair, forming a huge brush. The claw on the third toe of each fore limb is of great size and is used for breaking open ants' and other insects' nests.

Generally speaking, the ant eater is a harmless animal, but at times when at bay it will fight with great courage, sitting up on its hind legs and hugging its foe with its powerful arms.—London Express.

The Perfumed Cloud.

The dentist's sleeve was smeared with a pale dust. He beat it with his palm, and a perfumed cloud arose. "Makeup," he said, laughing, "the day's usual harvest of makeup. Why the deuce, to front the fierce white light of a dental chair, will women come to me with makeup plastered thick on their pretty faces? They all, or nearly all, do it. Their lips are reddened, their brows penciled, their cheeks rouged, and in a few cases the tiny network of veins in the temples is outlined in blue. Pegging away at their teeth, I mop up all that makeup on my coat sleeve. I smear red over white noses, black over pink cheeks. Phew! Look out!" And, brushing his cuff again, he leaped back to escape the sweet smelling cloud that filled the air.—Exchange.

Difficult Feats.

"Here are some extracts from a few modern popular novels," said an author as he took down a scrap book. Then he read: "The worthy pastor appeared at the manse door, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his loose jacket, while he turned the leaves of his prayer book thoughtfully and wiped his glasses with a distraught air." "After the door was closed a stealthy foot slipped into the room and with cautious hand extinguished the light." "Fitzgibbon lingered over his final lemonade, when a gentle voice tapped him on the shoulder, and, turning, he beheld his old friend once again." "The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, gnashing its teeth as it rolls."—Washington Star.

Greedy Little Salmon.

Little creatures may be very greedy and yet not be able to eat much because of their size, as was illustrated, for instance, in the case of a batch of about 20,000 little Chinook salmon that were hatched out at the aquarium. These young fishes, each about two inches long, would eat so much that their little stomachs fairly stuck out, and yet to feed the whole 20,000 took daily only one pound of liver and a quart of herring roe, both chopped fine.—New York Sun.

An Exception.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to fire your friend Polk. I never saw any one quite so lazy." "Slow in everything, is he?" "No, not everything. He gets tired quick enough."—Exchange.

Easy Enough.

"I cannot live but a week longer without you!" "Really, Duke! Now, how can you fix on a specific length of time?" "Ze landed fix on it, miss, not I."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PERSONAL MENTION

William Potter was a Pittsburgh visitor yesterday.

Kerfoot Daly is transacting business in Pittsburgh today.

Harry M. Smith spent Sunday in Hazelwood with friends.

Thomas Arrigo is transacting business in McKeesport today.

Fred Radcliffe has taken charge of an electric theatre in California.

Miss Erma Davis was a guest yesterday of friends in McKeesport.

Oscar Hazlett was an over Sunday visitor in Uniontown with friends.

Miss Nellie Pieper has returned from an extended visit in the west.

R. J. Wilson of Brownsville was calling on friends in Charleroi Sunday.

James Hughes of Brownsville is spending a few days in Charleroi with friends.

William McFall and Rev. H. C. Boblitt have left for Greene county to spend a few days.

Master Willie Poundstone left this morning for Brownsville to visit a few days with relatives.

A marriage license has been granted to Arthur House of Hiram, O., and Katherine Combs Charleroi.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Whitlatch and daughter Dorothy spent Sunday in Pittsburgh with friends and relatives.

Arthur K. Odbert, of Brownsville, was a visitor with friends in Charleroi yesterday afternoon and evening.

Bruce Barnett has returned from a two weeks' vacation trip to Philadelphia, Boston, and other places of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hazlett and baby returned Saturday from Conneville where they spent a month with relatives.

Miss Lenora and Gertrude Micksch of Crest avenue have returned after three weeks visit with relatives in Beaver Valley, towns.

Rev. G. G. Kerr of the Washington Avenue Presbyterian church and Rev. Vincent of the First Baptist church of Homestead exchanged pulpits yesterday both morning and evening.

Loyal M. Barnard of Beallsville and his guest Donald Martindell of Kansas left yesterday afternoon for the former's home, after a visit with friends here.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

FOR RENT—Three rooms with bath and all modern conveniences. Inquire 327 Fallowfield avenue. 255tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

FOR SALE—Small confectionery in nearby mining town. Address Confectioner, Mail Office. 664tf

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 325 Washington avenue. 277tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Building McKean Avenue, Third floor front. All conveniences. Inquire George Schuyler Office. 254tf

LOST—Pair of spectacles, in the Palace theatre or immediate vicinity. Finder please return to 261, this office. 2998tf

LOST—A pocket book on Fallowfield avenue, McKean avenue or Fifth street, containing money and a jewel. Finder return to 195 Mail Office and receive reward.

LOST—Pocketbook containing gold watch and ring, probably between Second and Third streets on Washington avenue. Finder return to Chief of Police and receive reward. 293tf

WANTED—Men for Salary and Commission to sell Health and Accident Insurance. One who has had experience in Industrial Life business preferred. No lapses. Apply personally or by letter to Mr. Joseph Kenyon, Supt., Bank of Charleroi Building, Charleroi, Pa. 2831p

WANTED—Two young ladies for Ticket Boxes. Apply 11 a. m. Tuesday, Manager of the Animal show, McKean 5th and 6th street. 296tf

AN IMPROVIDENT RACE.

Queer Ways of the Native Black of Australia.

For bearing hardship, such as thirst, hunger, long hours in the saddle, etc., the black has far less endurance than the white man. In fact, a black fellow is uncomfortable if he goes for any length of time without water. And yet nobody is more improvident than he. Give him two gallons of water, twenty pounds of flour and two or three sticks of tobacco and tell him that he will get no more for three days—viz, three days—he will deliberately settle down and not be satisfied till he has finished the lot. I have known a civilized and clothed black fellow who was traveling with me sit down after dark and wash his clothes (a most unusual proceeding) when he had only three gallons of water and fifty hours' riding before he could get any more, and this with the thermometer registering 112 in the shade.

This is not a thing that occurs once or twice, but always. The black man will not look five minutes ahead, nor will experience teach him. A gamble on a small scale is dear to the heart of every black fellow, and it is a common occurrence for one of them to swap a brand new suit of blue dungaree for an old frayed white coat, thinking that he will be able to sell or deal the latter away and make a profit simply because it is white, an unusual color with them. But one good point these black men have. They never complain when they find they have made a bad bargain. This is possibly because they forget with whom they made the deal.—Australian Cor. London Standard.

THE WART HOG.

It is One of the Most Grotesque Animals in Existence.

To the naturalist who closely studies animal life it sometimes appears as if nature had either deliberately set to work to form weird and curious creatures or else had been engaged in experiments, for there are birds and animals which might be accused of being made up of odds and ends.

One of the most grotesque animals in existence is the wart hog of Africa, called by the Boers the Vlakterark pig of the plains.

It stands about thirty inches in height, has a huge disproportionate head, with eyes set very high up, and large protruding tusks. These are exactly opposite those of other pigs, the upper ones being much longer than those in the lower jaw and sometimes attaining a length of over twenty inches.

But the most unusual feature of this curious looking creature and the one from which it derives its name is the great wart just below each eye, a smaller one appearing between each tusk and the large wart above it.

The body is almost hairless, except that along the spine and the neck long coarse hair hangs, and the whole effect of the animal is weird and grotesque. These wild hogs often take possession of empty burrows made by other animals, and when pursued they slow around sharply as they enter, making their way in hind first.—London Telegraph.

THE MAD DUCHESS.

Lady Catherine Hyde and Her Eccentricities of Dress.

Lady Catherine Hyde was the third daughter of Henry, second earl of Rochester and fourth earl of Clarendon, and a great-granddaughter of Edward, the first and famous earl of Clarendon. . . . One of the strongest of her caprices was to be unlike other people, and she succeeded admirably in the attempt. Bellingbrooke nicknamed her "La Singulartite." Horace Walpole, more bluntly, "the Mad Duchess." This oddity was specially displayed in her dress. In 1747, after a good deal of intriguing, she had obtained permission to appear again at court, and in 1753 Horace Walpole tells Lord Hertford that she presented herself there in a gown and petticoat of red damask. Making all allowance for male ignorance on such a subject and Walpole's tendency to embroider a story, it is beyond doubt that she deliberately courted the peculiar in her costume. She was fond of wearing an apron and appeared in one at court after this garment had been forbidden at the royal drawing rooms. Her entrance being opposed by one of the lords in waiting, she tore it off, threw it in his face and walked on. Beau Nash on a similar occasion took the law into his own hands, for when she attempted to enter the ballroom at Bath wearing an apron he promptly stripped it off and threw it among the ladies' maids, observing that none but Abigail's appeared in white aprons. It was her fancy as she grew older to disregard the changes of fashion and to adhere obstinately to the dress of her younger days. Her attire at times was so weird that Lord Cornbury wrote, "She has been called 'sir' upon the road above twenty times."—Nineteenth Century.

Mexican Lottery Tickets.

Nearly \$100,000 is spent in the City of Mexico every week in lottery tickets, and in the same period about \$70,000 is paid back in premiums. On the weeks immediately preceding the big drawings the sale, of course, mounts up to great sums—as, for instance, when the \$200,000 drawings are held there are 20,000 tickets at \$40 each sold on the streets, and practically every ticket is disposed of, most of them during the last two weeks before the drawing. But as a general proposition, on an average, \$15,000 a day is spent by the people of the City of Mexico on the lotteries.—Mexican Herald.

J. M. FLEMING
PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
Gas Ranges and Chandeliers, Garden Hose and Gas Hose
Masonic Building
Charleroi, Pa.



Read the Mail

—OPEN TO-NIGHT—
GRAND THEATRE
(Formerly Star Family Theatre)
Between 6th and 7th Streets on Fallowfield Avenue
Moving Pictures Illustrated Songs
ADMISSION 5 CENTS

... BRICK ...
California Clay Manufacturing Co.
Get our Prices on
Common and Face Brick
Room 21,
Trust Co. Bldg.
CHARLEROI, PA.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Published weekly except on Sundays and holidays at Charleroi, Pa. according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 1, No. 293

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO. PA. MONDAY, JULY 20, 1908

One Cent

GOOD COMMITTEES TO PUSH MERCHANT'S PICNIC

Good men and ones that will work hard to make the affair the best ever held, have been appointed to have charge of the Merchant's picnic which is booked for August 19. The Merchants are taking hold of the matter in a way that means a bugh success, despite the fact that Charleroi is at present having a taste of the hard times. It is the intention to have special features not only for the enjoyment of one class or sex of individuals, but for all. The usual park amusements will be had, of course, and added to this will be a list of sporting events.

The standing advertisement committee will look after their share of the work. The other committees follow in order.

Sports.—George S. Night, M. M.

McDermott, and Daniel Gottheld. Refreshment.—J. B. Schafer, William Parks, S. L. Woodward, J. E. Masters, William Gelder.

Transportation.—William Clark, J. H. Bowers, J. W. Carroll.

Reception.—J. D. Berryman, N. Greenberg, L. Collins, L. Beigel, Frank Riva, H. Melsner, Joseph Steck, William Kirk, S. W. Ross, J. Hagan, P. Canest, L. M. McGowan, S. R. Collins, R. C. Mountsier, Frank Ransom, George J. Vetter, Thomas Joyce, R. J. Vetter, U. S. Orange, William Pfelehardt, E. C. Niver, Harry E. Price, J. M. Fleming, C. W. Weltner, W. F. Hennings, T. P. Grant, J. O. Watson, George Wagner, John Embel, L. S. Goldberg, Frank McClure, H. Teitelbaum, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Robertson.

OFFICERS OF MEN'S LEAGUE ARE INSTALLED

The newly elected officers of the Men's League of the Methodist Episcopal church were installed last night, Rev. A. M. Dosk, pastor of the church performing the rites. The officers for the ensuing six months are, W. S. James, president; C. C. Crill, vice president; William Kenyon, secretary; Samuel Chesure, 1st assistant secretary; Paul Frai, 2nd assistant secretary; Ward Snyder, treasurer. Joseph Kenyon read a paper on what the league has done in the past six months, showing a marvelous work in the church. Music was a special feature last evening.

THINKS COMPANY WILL LAY TRACKS TO DONORA

It comes from a very reliable source that the Pittsburg Street railway company has made a proposition to the Washington county commission that they will grade and drain the road to Donora to Monongahela and they get the right-of-way between the two towns.

It seems that this proposition should be looked upon by the commissioner with favor, for this road is now in terrible condition. This would relieve the commissioners of long expense for repairing the road, for this will need to be done very soon anyway. Donora needs an outlet the worst kind of a way and as nothing can be expected of the Eldora line at present, this route should be taken up and everything possible done to put it through.—Donora News.

The Music World.

The latest Broadway hit is the Mimic World, just out at the famous Casino Theatre by the Shuberts and Lew Fields. With its usual entertainment, the New York Sunday World has obtained the best song from this show and will give it away with the issue of Sunday, July 26. Everybody will want this song. Words and music complete, with handsome cover illustration. Order the Sunday World from your newsdealer in advance.

Joseph Didat and son Edward have returned from a trip to Philadelphia, Atlantic City and other points of interest.

We Guard the Interests of Our Depositors

The First National Bank of Charleroi is conservative in policy, progressive and energetic in its methods. It carefully guards the interests of its patrons.

You are cordially invited to open an account and make use of the facilities of this Safe and Obliging Banking Institution.

A Six per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

First National Bank
Charleroi, Pa.

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

CHARLEROI WINS FROM SCOTSDALE; VICTORIOUS OVER FAIRMONT BUNCH

Willis Humphries, who used to work for the Millers was pitted against his old team mates Saturday and succeeded in handing them a defeat, allowing seven hits for three runs. Hulbert heaved for the Millers and was touched up pretty freely, fourteen safe ones for eight tallies was registered. Charleroi had at least two hits in every inning but the seventh and eighth when but one was secured.

Charleroi started the ball rolling by scoring in the first round when Dunn singled and Cosgrove hit for two bags. The Millers went one better in their half by registering two on a walk, a passed ball and a single. Charleroi evened it up in the second on an error and three singles. The Cherus didn't score in the third but piled up six runs in the fourth, fifth and sixth innings on six hits and a couple of errors. The Millers got busy in the sixth round and succeeded in getting one more to their credit on James life and Ferguson's double.

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.	1	2	0	0	0
Dunn, s.	2	2	3	2	2
O'Hara, m.	1	1	2	0	0
Cosgrove, 2.	1	2	1	3	0
Robb, l.	0	1	2	0	0
Heinz, l.	0	2	10	0	0
Dailey, c.	2	1	6	4	0
Houser, 3.	0	1	2	1	0
W. Humphries, p.	1	2	1	2	1
Totals	8	14	27	12	3
SCOTSDALE	R	H	P	A	E
Jacobson, l.	1	1	1	0	0
O'Connor, l.	1	2	14	0	0
James, r.	1	1	0	1	1
Ferguson, 2.	0	2	0	4	1
King, 3.	0	0	0	4	0
Troy, c.	0	0	6	2	0
Bailes, s.	0	0	0	2	1
Sweeney, m.	0	1	2	1	0
Hurlbert, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Hazelton, .	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	3	7	24	16	3

*Batted for Hurlbert in the ninth.
Scottdale.....2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—3
Charleroi.....1 1 0 1 1 4 0 0 *—8
Two-base hits—Robb, Ferguson, Humphries. Sacrifice hits—Robb, Houser, Humphries. Stolen bases—Dailey, Humphries. Hit by pitched ball—Humphries. First base on balls—Off Humphries 5. Struck out—By Humphries 4, by Hurlbert 3. Umpire—Goehler.

331.
Going higher.

Fairmont again today.

Humphries is somewhat of a swatter.

That hauling over the fire seems to have some effect.

The next game at home will be with Fairmont on the 27th.

Cal Vashinder with Charleroi in 1906 pitched a winner for Canton Saturday.

Tommy Murray is causing a sensation in the Tri-State league with his hitting and throwing. He is picked as one of those to be picked up by the big league this season.

CHARLEROI MAN POSSESSOR OF VALUABLE INSTRUMENT

One of the finest Landolfi violins in America is now owned by a Charleroi man, Mr. Emory Porterfield, who for several months has been studying violin music under Prof. John Koella of Toledo, Ohio. The instrument was purchased from Saunders Brothers, Toledo, dealers in fine violins, and is valued at \$1600.

The history of the violin is almost complete and can be traced back nearly to the maker's own hands. It was owned and highly prized by one family for one hundred years. Carlo Landolfi, the maker of the instrument, learned the trade under the great master Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, of Cremona. Landolfi after mastering the art, moved to Milan, set up a shop of his own and worked from 1730 to 1775. His work was something superior and his violins and cellos are highly prized by artists for their rich tone and beautiful workmanship.

Down on the Fairmenter's grounds somewhat of a pitchers battle was indulged in by Bert Humphries and Mr. King of the Babies. It was an even break for the two twirlers for ten innings and as fast as the husky swatters would face the heavers they would go down and out. Now and then a swatter would manage to connect safely but his followers would try in vain to send him his way and not until the eleventh inning was the official scorer allowed to make a mark that resembled a run, and then it came to Charleroi. With one in the grave Osborne picked out a good one and reached first in safety. Humphries tried to send him on but succeeded in striking out. King lost his bearing and soaked Nally with one and when Dunn followed with a two sacker both runners crossed the plate. O'Hara then came to the front with a clean single on which Dunn scored from second. Several opportunities were afforded the Babies to cross the gum but each time they failed.

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r.	1	0	3	0	0
Dunn, s.	1	2	2	3	0
O'Hara, m.	0	2	2	1	0
Cosgrove, 2.	0	0	3	6	0
Heinz, l.	0	0	15	1	0
Dailey, c.	0	0	3	1	1
Houser, 3.	0	0	1	1	1
Osborne, l.	1	2	2	0	0
B. Humphries, p.	0	2	2	5	0
Totals	3	8	33	18	2
FAIRMONT	R	H	P	A	E
Care, l.	0	0	2	0	0
Fisher, l.	0	0	8	0	0
Keener, r.	0	0	0	0	0
Spodgrass, c.	0	0	7	2	0
Parker, 2.	0	1	3	5	0
Haight, m.	0	1	9	1	0
Gates, 3.	0	0	3	0	0
Bert, s.	0	3	1	2	0
King, p.	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	0	6	32	11	0

Fairmont.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Charleroi.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—8
Two-base hits—Humphries 2, Dunn. Sacrifice hits—Parker, King, Cosgrove. First base on balls—Off Humphries 1. Shut out—By King 5, by Humphries 1. Double play—Dunn, Cosgrove and Heinz. Hit by pitched ball—O'Hara, Nally.

Dunn is coming to the front as the timely hitter of the bunch.

Patrich has been let out by Scottsdale. They had too many heavers.

Ody Abbott is picked as the fastest man on base in the O. & P. league.

There seems to be something wrong with Hi Elliott since joining McKeesport. He has been hitting since joining the team.

Tillie Dewar had his shoulder blade broken in the game last week which will probably keep him out for the remainder of the season.

Charleroi has lost the services of Bob Coulson, playing under the name of Robb, Cincinnati Nationals having purchased him and he reports today. Coulson started playing with Charleroi in the Valley league in 1906.

KNOCKED FROM TELEPHONE POLE; FATALLY INJURED

C. L. Grandon, a lineman employed by the West Penn Electric Co., since the first of the month being stationed at Elizabeth, died yesterday morning in the McKeesport Hospital, as a result of injuries received by being knocked from a pole in Elizabeth, where he was working. Grandon formerly lived in Monongahela and was employed by the company since he was well known in Charleroi.

He was at the top of a pole at work on a line Saturday night putting it in repair, when his chin accidentally came in contact with a telephone wire that had been

charged with lightning. He was knocked off the pole where he was working to the sidewalk below striking on his back. He was picked up at once, and a physician called. The man's injuries were dressed as well as possible and he taken to the McKeesport Hospital. There it was learned that the back was broken, and Grandon could not possibly be saved from death. The physician was aided by the use of drugs until Sunday morning when he died.

Grandon was extremely popular among his fellow employees. He is survived by a wife and two small children.

FATHER OF CHARLEROI MERCHANT PASSES AWAY

Wellsville, Ohio, July 19.—Alexander G. Wells, oldest inhabitant and founder of Wellsville, one of the most widely known men in the State, died suddenly at noon today. Death was due to age, Mr. Wells having celebrated the hundredth anniversary of his birth on June 3.

Mr. Wells was for 72 years in the mercantile business here, was one whose influence secured an outlet for industrial productions by getting the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad, of which he was one of the first directors, through this section, and was the son of William Wells, who built the first house in Wellsville.

Among the children which survive is Marcellus Wells, of Charleroi. Others are William G. Wells, Lisbon; Kemble Wells, Alexander R. Wells, Mrs. Helen M. Arnold, Emmett H. Wells and Mrs. Margaret Taylor of Wellsville.

Very Filthy.

The people of Charleroi are up in arms against the water company of that place and the affair will be up to the court before it is settled. The water company has sued the borough for five quarters water rent. We cannot see where the company has anything to boast about their supply of water to the "Magic City." It is about the filthiest stuff that is put through pipes in the valley and the wonder is that in Charleroi there is not more disease than is at present prevalent. The town is big enough to own its own water works and place proper filtration devices in for the protection of the health of the community, instead of paying out thousands of dollars for pumping the dirty water of Maple Creek into the water mains. It might be a good thing for the people of Charleroi if the Monongahela catastrophe would hit their water works and then they would be in shape to get a more up-to-date plant and the people would use the water without first calling up the physician.—Roscoe Ledger.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reeves of Fallowfield avenue have returned from a few days visit at Niagara Falls.

Miss Celia Burns of Steubenville, Ohio, has returned home after a visit in Charleroi with Miss Hilda Callaghan.

under the management of Dave Lindsay. Last year he caused quite a sensation in the P. O. M. league with his hitting and attracted the attention of several big league scouts. While at State College this season he led the club in fielding and batting. Coulson left Charleroi for Cincinnati to join the team immediately.

BLUE LAWS NOT OBSERVED HERE ON SUNDAY

Despite all talk to the contrary, Charleroi did not have a Blue Sunday yesterday. Nearly all the stores and shops which had in the past kept open, were as usual serving customers. The drug and confectionary stores were also open as usual, and soda water and ice cream was dispensed for the enjoyment of the usual Sunday custom.

A FOOL, A STRAW, A MULE; HOSPITAL

Uniontown, July 19.—Tieking a mule with a piece of straw George Fields, of Camden, was kicked with such force that he sustained a fracture of the right arm. In his effort to escape from the mule's hoof he collided with Charles Riley and Riley was also badly injured about the legs and body. The injured men were taken to the Cooper hospital.

Show Arrives.

The Animal Show which has been advertised for Charleroi arrived in town this morning and the owners are busy erecting the tent under which the wild beasts will be seen. The tent is on McKean avenue between Fifth and Sixth streets. The opening will be Tuesday when the public will be given an opportunity of viewing one of the greatest collection of animals ever gotten together. The admission is ten cents.

Preaches on "Model Lover."

Rev. H. O. McDonald of Monessen preached a sermon last evening on the topic of "A Model Lover." Opinions on the subject of what a woman should be that they would marry were read from a number of young men. On last Sunday evening he read letters from the young women of his congregation.

Mrs. Jennie Kistler widow of William Kistler wishes to express her heartfelt thanks to the numerous friends who have assisted and kindly remembered her and her family in the hour of deep sorrow for the loss of their beloved husband and father, and to others they wish to thank the members of the Knights of Pythias, I. O. O. F. and the Rebecca Lodges, the Miners Local, the members of the Charleroi M. E. church and all the numerous personal friends who have rendered their kind assistance.

Mrs. Jennie Kistler and Family.

29811

EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING

Also Jewelry, Clocks, Talking Machines, Revolvers and Firearms.

All Work is Guaranteed That is Done at



JOHN S. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler,
117 North Third Street, Charleroi, Pa.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.
Published Daily Except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.

For P. SLOAN, President
B. W. SHARPBACK, Sec'y & Treas.
HARRY E. PRICE, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.
second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year.....\$3.00
Six Months.....1.50
Three Months......75

All subscriptions payable in advance.
Delivered by carrier, in Charleroi at six
cents per week. Communications of public interest are
welcome, but as an evidence of good
faith, and not necessarily for publication,
it invariably bears the author's signature.

TELEPHONES
Bell 76 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press
Association

Advertising Rates:
DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first

tracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as
business locals, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
that in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and estray notices,
bank notices, notices to creditors, 15
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies
Geo. S. Mighl.....Charleroi
Clay Collins.....Speers
M. Dooley.....Dunlevy
J. J. Clements.....Lock No. 4

July 20 In History.

1854—Caroline Souther,
poet and novelist,
widow of the laure-
ate, died; born 1787.
1866—Austrian-Italian
naval battle of Lissa.
1870—Beginning of the
Franco-Prussian
war.
1897—Jean Ingelow, British poet and
novelist, died in London; born 1830.
1906—Peace between Guatemala and
the Salvador-Honduras alliance.



Jean Ingelow.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:23, rises 4:43; moon rises
11:52 p. m.; moon's age, 23 days; plan-
et Mercury visible low in east before
sunrise; sun's declination today, 20 de-
grees 40 minutes north of celestial
equator.

Undiluted Wisdom.

The Monessen Independent, after
taking a swipe at the Charleroi Mirror
for advocating a free bridge, sets forth
the following in opposition to that
project. We reprint it so that people
may understand why the Independent
says Solomon was only a piker in the
wisdom game. After reading it they
will unanimously conclude that poor
old Solomon's mantle would not make
a breech-clout for the Independent:
"It says that men are working at
Belle Vernon because the glass fac-
tory at Charleroi is idle and holds that
Washington and Fayette counties
should go to the enormous expense of
buying the old bridge in order that
these few men may save, to spend in
some other way, the insignificant sum
of 5 cents a day until they can get
work at Charleroi. What an injustice
would be done the taxpayers of these
counties if that article was taken seri-
ously.

"If Charleroi can't keep its people
employed and they are forced to labor
elsewhere it is no argument that the
taxpayers of the counties should put
up the coin to furnish transportation
to other quarters. Might as well ask
the counties to furnish street car fare
for those who work in the mills of
Monessen and live in other towns."

That large splash you heard in the
river Saturday night was caused by the
people of Charleroi and Belle Vernon
throwing the project overboard after
reading the Independent. They saw
then how they had made a mistake
but did not realize it until a master
mind had illuminated the subject with
its effulgent rays of wisdom. It is
understood that there are a few stub-
born and short-sighted recalcitrants
who refuse to accept the clear and
convincing wisdom of the Independent
and these stiff-necked and re-
bellious ones are going ahead with the
rather unkindful of the "mistakes of
Moses" and some later-day Solomons.
These people argue that a toll
bridge is a relic of the stage coach, an
anachronism in the electric age, an
expense on the body politic, a wart
on the nose of progress, a corn on the
foot of civilization and a pimple on the
little finger of enterprise, being mere-
ly the chrysalis stage in the develop-
ment of real, live communication.
The truth is cruel at times, but in

this end is kindness, so those whose
aspirations were blasted by the cold,
remorseless, cruel wisdom of the In-
dependent can console themselves in
their mortal coil by remembering that
"Whom the Lord loves He chastens."

What Is Reform?

That question is frequently asked
and generally the answers are widely
different in their nature. The largest
part of the thing called reform consists
of schemes hatched by politicians out
of office in order to get into office. The
other part consists in making other
people uncomfortable by interfering
in matters with which they amuse
themselves and for which you have no
stomach.

There is a wave of reform sweeping
over this section. Its inspiration in
this county is bathed political ambi-
tion. In Charleroi the inspiration is
a desire to make the so-called foreign
business men, though just why a man

a foreigner is not clear,

Had the desire for a puritan Sunday
been sincere, then a general notice to
each man would have been given and
the consequences of a violation pointed
out to him. Was that done? The
men arrested last week say it was not
and the first they knew of the matter
was when they were arrested. It is a
waste of breath to attempt to deny
that there was no discrimination made
As a result there was no business done
in Charleroi save by the railroad com-
pany, the trolley lines, the livery
stables, the automobile garages, the
restaurants, the hotels some of the ice
cream parlors and soda fountains and
several other things.

Any person desiring anything in the
fruit line merely crossed the river.
The trolley cars were crowded with
people going to out of town places to
secure that which they could not get
in Charleroi.

No one wants a "Continental Sun-
day," nor yet a puritan Sabbath. A
happy medium exists between the two
but as long as steam and trolley roads
run on Sunday those who desire a
day of revel and sport instead of
observing it in a proper manner will
have one. If they really desire to
have a puritan Sunday, let them stop
the passenger cars from running and
people can buy steam launches, horses
or automobiles and keep the Sabbath
the way it should be kept.

Other Briefs.

The editor of the Charleroi Mail
writes as though he held a brief for
the politicians and the corporations.—
Canonsburg Notes.

And the editor of the Canonsburg
Notes writes as though he held a brief
for the peevish, the pertinant and the
petty, the rigidly righteous and the
"unco guid."

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Pct
Uniontown.....	40	25	.615
Clarksburg.....	42	30	.583
Charleroi.....	34	30	.531
Connellsville.....	33	32	.508
Fairmont.....	30	41	.423
Scottdale.....	22	43	.338

Saturday's Results.

Charleroi.....	3	Scottdale.....	3
Uniontown.....	4	Fairmont.....	3
Connellsville.....	5	Clarksburg.....	2

Yesterday's Results.

Charleroi.....	3	Fairmont.....	9
Clarksburg.....	4	Scottdale.....	2
11 innings			

Games Today

Charleroi at Fairmont
Scottdale at Clarksburg
Uniontown at Connellsville

A Revised Nursery Jingle.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any
wool?
"I had, gentle master, a whole basketful.
But I wandered one day in the street they
call Wall.
And now of my pretty wool I've none at
all."

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Neglected.

Mrs. Stiles—I do wish you'd try to
keep yourself neater.

Mr. Stiles—But, my dear, you're not
so careful.

Mrs. Stiles—I'm not? I'm certainly
more careful of my clothes than you.

Mr. Stiles—Exactly. Whereas you
should be more careful of me.—Catho-
lic Standard and Times.

Change of Name.

A lady there was named Maria,
Whom said her husband, Joseph.
"You tell my dear, lies
Of such a big size
They should have been put in
the shop."

—Baltimore American.

The Short Cut.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated
Literary Press.

When Marjorie opened her sewing
room window to let in the brisk morn-
ing breeze the picture she made in her
white dress, framed by the climbing
vines, was refreshing enough to make
any passer by look up a second time.
One did, though Marjorie was quite
unaware of the fact.

Her thoughts were as far away as
the shadowy mountains beyond which
she had lived her old and happier life.
For several years now Marjorie's world
had been on this side of the hills, so
she sighed, sat down by the open win-
dow and began sewing interminable
yards of lace on strips of fine muslin.
The stitches were microscopic, as be-
fitted the trossseau of a "daughter of
the rich."

Half an hour later a whistle as spo-
radic as a steam locomotive whistled
up and again look out of the window.

In the young man swinging down the
road Marjorie recognized one of the
summer guests. He opened the gate
and came down the path toward her
window.

In her haste to escape being caught
in the very act of provincial curiosity
Marjorie dropped her thimble. It
struck a stone on the edge of the walk
and, with a metallic ring, bounded off
into the garden. The young man recog-
nized it most gallantly.

"It isn't every day a young man finds



"DON'T YOU LOVE ME? DON'T YOU WANT
TO BE MY WIFE?"

thimbles growing in a garden," he
said, significantly dropping the silver
trifle into her hand.

Now, Marjorie understood perfectly
well his reference to Peter Pan's call-
ing kisses thimbles, but she feigned
ignorance. Diverting as such audacity
might be, she must not encourage it,
wherefore she said "Thank you" with
austere courtesy.

"You are Miss Marjorie Phillips, are
you not?" asked the unperturbed
young man. "I started out very early
this morning to find you."

Marjorie glanced at the young man,
which unconsciously she had slipped
on his proper finger.

"There's no denying the evidence,"
she said, with a pensive little smile
which crept straight into the young
man's heart.

"I have a message for you, Miss
Phillips, from my cousin, or, rather,"
he corrected, smiling up at her, "a re-
quest to make. Julia—Miss Robbins—
has a friend visiting her and wants to
know at what time she may bring her
down this afternoon to see the things
you are making. There, I think I got
that right. Does it sound rational?"

"Quite intelligent," laughed Marjo-
rie. "Please tell Miss Robbins that the
exhibit will be ready any time after 2,
which means—"

"Oh, I know," broke in the loqua-
cious message bearer. "It means that
I mustn't bother you any longer." Then
he added mischievously: "I came
by here an hour ago on my way to the
postoffice, but was too scared to come
in. It was lucky you dropped the thim-
ble just when you did."

But at the word "thimble" Marjorie
took flight.

"Well," called Julia Robbins as Over-
ton reached the steps of the luxuriously
appointed porch, "did you deliver my
message to the village sewing
girl?"

Before replying Overton lit a ciga-
rette with exasperating deliberation.

"Yes," he answered at length. "I
gave your message to Miss Phillips,
and she says you and Miss Morton
may come any time after 2."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the as-
tonished Julia. "We may come," and
Miss Phillips, judged.

"Look here, Julia Robbins," returned
Overton feelingly. "I think it's an out-
rage for a little flower of a girl like
that to be sewing her eyes out for an
old girl who happens to have money
and can't—"

"Stop right there," commanded Julia.
"Catherine—here will think you're a
hot-headed Socialist. Would you have
me sewing my eyes out for a poor
dear cousin?"

"Well, perhaps I am a bit hasty,"
Julia admitted Overton good natured-
ly. "Forgive me and tell me what you
know about this little Miss Phillips."

sewing for the summer folks. Does
that show how young Miss Phillips
is?" And she supported herself and her
mother's required Garret, with cutting
discretion.

"Why, I suppose so," answered Julia
laughingly. "Whereupon, with a careless
"Well, goodby, I'm off for a day's fishing."
Overton sauntered away with little
comprehension of the feminine conster-
nation he was leaving behind him.

Julia was the first to recover.
"Don't you care, Catherine," she
said defiantly. "We'll nip that little
romance in the bud."

Several days later, upon catching
sight of Marjorie at the window, Over-
ton swung open the little cottage gate
and called out cheerily, "Lost any more
thimbles, Miss Phillips?"

Marjorie, her color mounting high,
pretended not to hear and continued
sewing with nervous haste.

"You have another message from
Miss Robbins?" she asked politely.

"Not on your life!" was the unexpect-
ed reply. "I came on my own account
this time, Miss Phillips. I want to ask
you some questions."

"I'm very busy, Mr. Overton."

Garret noted the knowledge of his
name. He remembered that he had
not mentioned it at their first inter-

quies about him. She was more in-
terested than she appeared.

"Do all girls think these frippier
things—a necessary matrimonial as-
set?" he asked, indicating with a nod
the piles of snowy thin stuff on the
chairs about her.

"Your cousin and Miss Morton are
not exceptions, I think."

As she mentioned the girl's name
Marjorie watched Overton's face close-
ly, but there was no hint of any
personal interest.

"Do you make a specialty of trousse-
aux?" was his next question.

"It looks as though I should have to,"
Marjorie answered. "As soon as I
have finished your cousin's there will
be one to make for Miss Morton. I un-
derstand."

"Really?" was Overton's surprised
exclamation. "Who's the man, may I
ask? You have evidently been taken
into confidence."

"I've evidently been taken in," was
Marjorie's scarcely audible reply as,
with flushed cheeks, she gathered up
her sewing and left the window.

"Well, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Over-
ton as the truth of the situation dawned
upon him. "So that's the game!"

Every morning thereafter, rain or
shine, Overton bade Marjorie "Good
morrow" at her window, for he had
discovered that through her garden lay
a short cut to the village postoffice.
Marjorie, on her part, failed to hang
out a "No Trespassing" sign, though
common sense told her that she ought
to do so.

But one sunny morning Overton, im-
patient, threw discretion and conven-
tions to the wind.

"Little Miss Marjorie," he said
pleadingly, "do you suppose I could
persuade you to make a trousseau for
—for my wife to be?"

The color flashed rebelliously into
Marjorie's cheeks, and tears gathered
in her eyes. One daring little drop
slipped over her lashes and fell upon
Garret's hand.

"Why, what is this, dearest? You're
not crying? Don't you love me? Don't
you want to be my wife? I thought—"

For answer the tired girl dropped
her head on his hands, which still held
hers, and sobbed softly.

But Overton understood.

"Marjorie," he said lovingly, "look up
at me, little one."

Very shyly Marjorie lifted her pretty,
tumbled head, then drew away from
the window with frightened haste.

"They are watching us," she whis-
pered from behind the curtains. "Your
cousin and her friend."

"I'm glad of it," Garret replied, with
a laugh. "Do you think if I should
come back tonight, sweetheart, that
we could find any—thimbles—in the
garden?"

"It will be pretty dark," she an-
swered softly, "but—I'll help you."

Origin of the Cravat.

While every man wears a cravat,
there is probably not one in a thousand
who could in an offhand way tell you
how it came about that men first
placed such an ornament about their
collars. The word cravat came into our
language about 1636. Prior to that
year a feature of the uniform of the
Austrian cavalry was a wide band of
coarse linen worn in folds around the
neck under their short busser jackets.
This cavalry organization was called
the Cravattes, its members being styled
the Cravattes. Later in the seven-
teenth century France recruited a re-
giment of cavalry, adopting for it the
uniform of the Austrian regiment re-
cruited in Croatia, calling it the Royal
Cravattes. Later in England the word
cravat was applied to a neckerchief.
After the battle of Steenkerke, in Flan-
ders, in 1692, an English officer brought
home the steamkirk, a long flowing
neckscarf. The neckwear today is
clearly traceable to the steamkirk, and
the modification it underwent.—Sartori-
al Art Journal.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Green—D'ye remember that
ornary little Pimpernell boy that
helped me with th' hayin' last year?
I give him \$18 a month an' found.
Well, he's got to be a right smart ball
pitcher, an' 'tother day a feller came
along an' offered him \$3,000 to finish
an' sell papers with a newspaper.

The City Boarder—Well, well. He
jumped at it, of course?

Farmer Green—Not yet. Sandy Pim-
pernell may be a frazzle faced runt,
but he's got a proper pride about him
too. He says that he don't know as
he wants to be tied up to any team
that takes him to a town by a tall order.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Among the Exchanges

In Evening Chat the Harris-
burg Telegraph some old-time local
isms are recounted in these words:

"The 'dog days' have arrived,
they sneaked quietly in last Saturday.
If you don't believe it consult Baer's
Lancaster county almanac, the old, re-
liable authority on all climate mat-
ters in this vicinity. Among the
things that mothers are now caution-
ing their growing sons against are
these: Don't go swimming during the
'dog days,' you'll get boils if you
do; don't pet strange dogs, they're
liable to be mad during the 'dog
days,' stay out of the heat as much as
possible, you're likely to have sun-
stroke during the 'dog days'; look out
for snakes, they're worse than usual
during the 'dog days.' And young
American will go out about his busi-
ness just the same as if there were no
'dog days' and he will be no worse for
them when they are over."

Referring to the decision of the
county commissioners over the recent
increased valuation has been adjusted
by reducing the proposed increase
about forty per cent, the Scranton Re-
publican says: "While naturally the
finding of the court in the coal assess-
ment dispute is not satisfactory to
either side it must be regarded as a
compromise that has been undertaken
with as much fairness and honesty of
purpose as could be true of any
method of arriving at the desired re-
sult. The court really acted in the
capacity of an arbitration board, using
extraordinary effort to bring the
opposing force together, and when
this was impossible, adjusting the
question according to the best inter-
ruption of the hand."

Cleanliness, which is considered
one of the essentials of good health and
proper sanitation, does not seem to be
observed by everybody in Allentown,
according to the observations of the
Allentown Morning Call, which says:
The "Morning Call" is of the opinion
that the local health authorities should
insist on more stringent rules, regard-
ing the sale of ice cream block by
street vendors. Some of the foreign-
ers who peddle the refreshing dainty
look as though they stood in need of a
good old-fashioned scrubbing and
thorough fumigation. If they are as
careless in the matter of personal
cleanliness it is also likely that they
are in the manufacture and hadling of
their wares. Their customers, as a
rule, are children whose untutored
minds have not yet been pressed by
the importance of sanitary regula-
tions in the matter of preparing
cream. It is necessary for the authori-
ties to throw safeguards about the
little ones.

W. H. Atkins and J. E. Masters of
Charleroi and John Cushing of Mon-
essen have returned from Dallas,
Texas, where they attended the Elk's
convention.

The Proof of the Pudding

Nearly all fire insur-
ance policies are dress-
ed alike.

They are mostly
gaudy lithographed fel-
lows filled with many
"aforesaid's" and
"hereinafters."

They all promise you
the same thing—pro-
tection.

The proof that the
promise is protection
lies in the past record
and present condition
of the issuing company.
Our policies are
backed by companies
that have been tried
and proven.

ED. C. DRUM

Reliable Fire Insurance

511 FALLOWFIELD AVE., CHARLEROI, PA.

Howard's Repair Shop.

Lawn Mowers Sharpened by
special machine.

Hotel Clement Building

Corner 4th street and McKean Avenue

C. E. LANTZ

Successor to E. J. Lantz

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY

Orders given prompt attention
222 McKean Avenue, Charleroi, Pa.

LOCAL DIRECTORY

Dawson's Millinery
222 FALLOWFIELD AVE.
We offer the latest styles and
want we will make it.

R. O. Vetter
Dyeing, cleaning and
finishing made to order, by mail
409 FALLOWFIELD AVE., CHARLEROI

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Dealer in Toy Goods and
Also best supplies. Store
Bell Phone 134. 134 N. 1st St.

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Dr. J. A. Peaslee
618 FALLOWFIELD AVE.
General practice of medicine and surgery
in town and country. Bell phone 134. Office
hours 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.; 2 to 4 and 6 to 8 p.
m.

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DAVISTOWN, GREENE COUNTY, PA.
All kinds of butchers stock for sale. Fresh
cows a specialty. Write to above or in-
quire of S. E. Wilson, Mail Building

Dr. C. S. Johnson,
Dentist,
222 Fifth St., Second Floor.
Bell Phone 104-R.

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GOSSARD CORSETS AND
IMPORTED BELTS
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LOCK AND GUNSMITH
Repairing of guns and revolvers of all kind.
Locks and Keys furnished to order.
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PROFESSIONAL NURSE
Bell Phone 123-J
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Carriage and Automobile Painter
Bring your Carriage and Automobile an
have them painted in modern style.
99 LINCOLN AVE., CHARLEROI, PA.

Samuel Leonard
Livery, board and sales stable; special at-
tention paid to wedding parties and funerals. Open
all hours. We solicit your trade.
Office and Stable at 322 Fallowfield Avenue

Straw Hats Cleaned
WHILE YOU WAIT
Sanitary Barber Shop
SHOE SHINING PARLOR

Making More Than
a Living

Nearly every man
steadily makes more

THIRD WEEK of our Great Annual July Sale of SHOES

Opened this morning with increased interest and attractiveness. Additional bargains in Men's, Women's and Children's

OXFORDS AND SHOES

IN WHITE, TAN and BLACK GOODS are brought forward daily—and thousands are taking advantage of the economies offered—

Sample Shoe Store

A Beigel

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Influences That Draw It From Its Allegiance to the Pole.

Nothing in the navigational equipment of a ship has been the subject of more anxious research or receives more jealous care than the mariner's compass.

The popular notion of the compass needle always pointing north and south is a more inaccurate than even popular notions usually are. Even under the most favorable conditions there are only certain places upon the surface of the earth where the compass needle does point north and south and it is quite safe to say that such conditions are never found on board of any ship.

But we must go further and say that no more unfavorable position could be found for a compass than on board of a modern steamship which is a complicated mass of steel all tending to draw the compass needle from its allegiance to the magnetic pole of the earth. The influences which must needs be counteracted by all sorts of devices which bridge round the instrument by an intricate web of conducting currents of magnetism.

And as if this were not enough there are now huge dynamos to be reckoned with producing electric currents for all sorts of purposes on board. In the midst of these myriads of currents the poor little compass needle, upon which the mariner depends for his guide across the trackless deep, hangs suspended like one shrinking saint surrounded by legions of devils—Windsor Magazine

Martian Life Dying

A colder interest attaches to such existence—that it is, cosmically speaking, soon to pass away. To our everyday descendants life on Mars will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have passed beyond the hope of study or record. Thus to us it takes on an added glamour from the fact that it has not long to last. For the planet that brought it to us present pass must go on to the bitter end until the last snarl of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly, but surely, time will snuff it out. When the last ember is thus extinguished the planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career forever ended.—Professor Lowell in Century.

The Silkworm.

The thread of the silkworm is one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness.

Maltese Lace.

The original Maltese lace was a coarse kind of mesh or Valenciennes in an arabesque pattern. Malta has the first claim to the invention of fine guipures, which are usually called Maltese laces.

Rhubarb.

The rhubarb of slender stock variety is sweeter than the mammoth growth. It is better for all purposes.

A Czar's Novel Visiting Card.

The Russians tell a story of the late Czar Alexander III that upon the rare occasions when it was incumbent upon him to pay a call he would take a gold coin bearing his "image and superscription" and, twisting it between thumb and finger, leave it in lieu of a card, the only man in Russia who had strength for the feat.

Buddhists.

The number of Buddhists is computed to be 455,000,000.

Powder Mill Workers.

The garments of workers in powder mills are pocketless, so that they cannot carry knives or matches or, indeed, anything and are made of nonflammable material. No one is allowed to go about with trousers turned up at the bottom, because dirt is collected in that way, and the merest hard speck is dangerous.

Old London Water.

In the reign of James I. water was supplied by two or three conduits in the principal streets of London, and the water, and the conduits, were the property of the crown.

HERE AND THERE

John Wilson has been appointed postmaster at Houston. Nelson H. Boyd postmaster at Fincleyville and Robert L. McMahon postmaster at Baird Washington county.

Owing to the recent robberies in Daisytown the foreigners of that place are becoming alarmed and will attempt to protect their property at all hazards. Last night thieves entered several houses in "Rocco Patch" and secured \$35.

A movement is well on foot for the organization for a volunteer fire department in East Washington. Residents in this borough saw this is something that has been long needed and badly needed.

It is probable that the board of county commissioner will have a map of the roads of Washington county prepared according to the provisions of the act of assembly.

George Nowensan, of Midland was arrested on a charge of enticing a child away from its home for immoral purposes. The offense is alleged to have been committed at Kismetown. The defendant was held for court.

The Goodley Military band, which is composed of local colored musicians, held a lawn fete Thursday evening at the home of John Lotterbury, in Elm street, South Carversburg. The affair was well patronized and the band rendered a number of selections.

Rietch Bros. who have the contract for the construction of the State road from the Canonsburg borough line to the North Strabane Peters township line, have a good-sized force of workmen employed on the eastern end of the section, and are working westward from the VanDusen farm at Linden creek.

What Happened.

He was waiting for her father in the car. For he wanted to ask permission—That was all—Of the stern old magistrate state y to his objection. To his marriage his daughter in the fall. At last he saw her father. Gram and all. And he told him his desires—That was all. The stairs seemed never ending. And a sudden row was breaking. The bones that he had broken. In the fall. —Reynolds Smith Pickering in New York Herald

Cough Remedy.

This cough remedy has rarely been known to fail in giving relief. Roast a lemon very carefully without burning it. When it is thoroughly hot cut it open at one end and squeeze into a cup containing three ounces of finely powdered sugar. Take a spoonful whenever the cough troubles. It is excellent and most agreeable to the taste.

No Energy.

The notions some men have of "a Contented mind" are hazy. They claim they have contented minds when they are merely lazy. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Not He.

Wife—I've invited one of my old beaux to dinner. Do you mind? Husband—Mind! Heavens, no! I always love to associate with lucky people.—New York Life.

Maddening.

'Twas in a dream—he'll ne'er forget—He made ten thousand dollars net. And he awoke to swear a bit And find he had ten thousand—nil! —Bohemian Magazine.

Same Old Trouble.

"Space Jar" was a possum fer ever. "Dat wouldn't help matters any. Dey'd sho climb high enough ter roost out er reach!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Railroad Courtship.

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Alice Twitchell stood in the concourse of the Grand Central station bemoaning her fate. She had just missed the 3:45 for Greenwich. Something (or was it some one?) struck her violently in the back, and she swung round just as a young man dashed by to the closed gate. She was adjusting a shaken puff when the youth returned full of apologies.

"I beg your pardon, but I did want to catch that 3:45 train the worst way," he said as he mopped his brow. "So did I," replied Alice with emphasis, "but I did not think it necessary to employ personal violence as a means of catching it."

Alice turned from the apologetic man, who stood regarding her with open admiration. The latter or something magnetic in his personality, added to the thought of the two hours she had

Greenwich, made her hesitate. "You deserve some form of punishment suited to your offense," she said, with charming assumed severity.

"Oh, I say," continued the man. "I'm no professional slinger, you know, just a plain, everyday lawyer running out of town for a holiday," and he pulled out a card and a fountain pen. "And maybe you'll be good enough to sign a statement of the statement. 'And maybe you'll be good enough to sign a statement of the statement.'"

Alice read the name on the card, "Mr. Walter Witherpoon," then she smiled. He looked like a lawyer, sitting room and they sat down on the bench. "What a name!" "Conversation," said Alice, "but interesting."

"You see," Mr. Witherpoon was explaining, "this girl I missed on the other train is a reach—the prettiest girl ever—except you." "Don't you think we might have a window open, Mr. Witherpoon?" Alice interrupted. Witherpoon opened the window and turned the conversation into a less personal channel.

"Where do you visit in Greenwich?" "Oh, me—that is, I am going to visit my grandmother," answered Alice, with halting speech.

"I bet she's a dear old lady," assured Witherpoon. "Now, this other girl that I was going to meet—she had no relatives." "I've offered no interruptions this time, and he rattled on.

"She's an orphan, no brothers or sisters, mother or grandmother—nobody but herself. The Hardys are giving a celebration of their wedding anniversary and they asked Miss Twitchell and me. And, well, you know that all happy brides are matchmakers. But I'm jolly glad I missed her 'cause—"

"The next station is ours, I think," suggested Alice. "By Jove so it is," agreed Witherpoon. "How time does fly in good company!" Say there's a chap Billy Brewster who's going to be there, and he gets all the girls under the spell of his fascination. I thought if I could just leave him out with this other gal—but now—"

"Greenwich" shrieked the conductor. It was quite dark when the two left the train, and Witherpoon bade reluctant adieu to his companion. He offered to find her carriage, but she declined this assistance. Then he asked if he might know her name.

"Smith," said Alice, "just Smith—the old fashioned spelling, you know," and she was lost in the darkness and the crowd. Billy Brewster met Witherpoon with the train, but seemed surprised to find him alone.

"Where's Miss Twitchell, old chap?" She didn't come up on the other train, said Brewster as they climbed in the trap.

"Hanged if I know, Bill," assured Witherpoon. "And, for that matter, I don't care. I met the most beautiful girl on the train, and I'm all in. If it takes me a lifetime I'll find her again and marry her." "You ought to have lived in the twelfth century, Walter. They carried off the women by force in those days," encouraged Billy.

Once inside the Hardy country home the men were called to account. Where was Miss Twitchell? Mrs. Hardy expressed so much solicitude that Billy Brewster offered to go back and look for her guest once more. Witherpoon turned to go to his room and change his clothes for the evening when the bell rang and Mrs. Hardy opened the door to admit the lost guest. Witherpoon caught her voice and stood glued to the stairs.

"Mr. Witherpoon and I are old friends," said Alice as she took his hand and looked up into his eyes with a merry twinkle in her own. "But the person I want to meet is the invincible Mr. Billy Brewster, said to be world famed for his fascination."

The guests at Mrs. Hardy's celebration, which lasted until Monday morning, promptly realized that two of the party were almost continually missing from the circle. When a bridge whist game was announced neither Mr. Witherpoon nor Miss Twitchell could be induced to make up a table. When swimming was suggested in the morning Alice declared it a bore to get ready, and Witherpoon agreed that sitting on the porch was preferable to a dip in cold water.

Try as he would, Billy Brewster could not secure a moment's conversation with Alice without seeing Witherpoon inconsiderately near and glowering at him. To be sure, they condescended to appear at meals with the other guests and on Saturday night Witherpoon was seen to be attentive to his hostess.

Monday morning, however, it was a seemingly haste, and when can say, now it hold only six of the guests to be turning to town. Alice, who will explain how it happened, said that Witherpoon and Alice were not invited to go in a large party.

It struck Alice that the station was much larger than she had from it. She had not agreed to go, and Witherpoon had not agreed to go. She looked in all directions for the guests.

"Why, where are the rest of our crowd?" she asked in amazement. "A-hem," started Witherpoon. "It looks as if we had missed another train."

"How can that be?" suggested Alice. "We started at the same time they did and now we will have to wait for the next train. How could it have happened?" she repeated.

"The train," confessed Witherpoon, "did not happen by accident. I had the time 32 to miss the train."

"I looked at my watch searchingly to see if I really had lost him right," said Witherpoon. "Billy Brewster said he was in town. I wanted to see him. And I want to say something to him. 'Not here,' said the station agent. 'What's the matter?' cried Alice, with a look of what that somewhere was.

"What party?" asked Witherpoon. "We're all here and I want to tell you that I love you, and oh, Alice, won't you say yes?" "Want the New York train?" yelled the station agent.

"Yes, of course," replied Alice. Witherpoon beamed on her and grasped her hand. "Oh sweetheart, if you love me, what a happy man I am—and do you really love me?" "I was speaking to the station agent when I said 'Yes,'" said Alice blushing. "But maybe the same answer will do for both."

Old Fashioned Wit.

The standard of wit varies from time to time. What passes for the genuine article at one period without challenge is at another condemned as puerile. Stories were commonly told of Beau Brummel and his friends which there is good reason to believe to be authentic, but which would now be regarded as too silly for credence.

The famous man about town once said a wager with the prince regent that he would see the greater number of cats if the prince chose which side of Regent street he pleased. As the result Brummel saw about twenty, while the prince had not encountered one. He was asked to explain the system on which he had gambled and did so thus: It was a very hot morning, and George IV., who liked to take his ease, chose the shady side of the street. But cats like sunshine and gratified their inclination by sunning themselves in large numbers.

Beau Nash's wagers were not always so successful, and he once found himself nonplused by a young woman at Bath. Having bet that he would "take a rise" out of the girl, he addressed her with the remark that no doubt she was familiar with her Bible and had read the history of Tobit and his dog. "Now," said he, "can you tell me the dog's name?" The reply was as prompt as it was pertinent: "Oh, yes, sir. His name was Nash, and a very impudent dog he was!"—London Globe.

Cards Are Out.

"I am glad your name is Mary," said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he has been courting for several years. "Why so?" she asked. "Because I was reading today and came across a line which said, 'Mary is the sweetest name that a woman ever bore.'"

"That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?" "I believe so." "But I've heard my father say there was even a sweeter name than Mary." "I think he must have been mistaken," said the lover as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice, don't forget that we are always glad to send you purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

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A First Class Music Store

Charleroi has a music store where everything that's musical is sold. It may be a piano, or it may be a violin, or phonograph. We can furnish it. We handle such a large quantity of musical goods the scope of our business is so large, that we are always able to make prices the lowest and terms the easiest. Post yourself on the fine list we handle in pianos and you will understand why it is unnecessary for anybody to go outside of Charleroi to buy.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,

J. J. KING, Retail Manager. Fallowfield Ave.

Always Ready to Serve You

Men pass away. The individual Executor or Trustee just as likely to die as you are, but the life of the Charleroi Savings & Trust Company is perpetual. It is always ready to serve you. It never neglects its work. It is ever faithful to its trust.

When making your will appoint the Charleroi Savings Trust Company as your Executor. It is empowered by law to act as Executor, Trustee, Guardian and Administrator.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT. \$5.00 AND UP PER YEAR.

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FURNACE HEATING

Insures a good circulation of warm air and is the cheapest way to heat your residence. If you are going to build, why not have your house piped for a furnace and save the cost of extra chimneys. Call and get estimate. We handle the best makes XXII Century and Wise and have experienced men who put them up. We do all kinds of roofing and repair work. Your tin work should be painted every year or two. We can do that or sell you the paint and you can do it. Phone us your wants. Both Phones

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Thursday Ladies Admitted Free

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With Unusual Briskness

Fancy and Staple Wash Goods

This sale is remarkable for the great assortment of Wash Goods at such notable reductions; far seldom indeed: is it that any such prices are put on goods that are in as complete a choice selection as these lots.

Fine Printed Lawns

A large selection of beautiful lawns, in neat figures. Regularly 35 cents the yard. July Clearance Price

10c

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French Dimities, Mouseline de Soie and imported novelty, regularly 50 cents. July Clearance Price

25c

THE WAISTS

You are offered an assortment of hundreds of the most beautiful waists. All are tasteful, modish styles, and you will be surprised and pleased when you examine them.

PETTICOATS

A good selection of serviceable petticoats in black and white stripes or plain black. All regularly \$1.00. July Clearance Price

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BLACK PETTICOATS

Are of high grade quality, Heatherbloom or sateen, regularly, \$3.00. Clearance Sale Price

\$2.19

Amazingly Low Prices in Women's Ready to Wear Suits at Less Than Cost of Material.

Berryman's

CHARLEROI'S LIVE STORE

FAMOUS FORD ROADSTER

Model S

Price \$750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-16 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST for the money.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny on every part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city. Write for particulars.

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BUICK AUTOMOBILES

Give more miles for the money than any other car made. They have been run for 6000 miles and never held up for a moment. Will travel up hill and through mud with the best cars manufactured. They have been run 10,000 miles and were still as good as the day they were built.

Model No. 10, 4 cylinder, 20 h. p. runabout, \$1,700.

Model G, 4 cylinder, 22 h. p. runabout, \$1,750.

Model F, 2 cylinder, 22 h. p. touring car, \$2,200.

Model D, 4 cylinder, 30 h. p. touring car, \$1,700.

Model S, 4 cylinder, 30 h. p. runabout, \$1,750.

Model 5, 4 cylinder, 40 h. p. touring car, \$2,500.

A. D. SPENCER

McKean Ave. and Second St. CHARLEROI PA.

BIRDS' TONGUES.

Why the Parrot is Able to Imitate Human Speech.

One of the government naturalists at Washington has recently gathered some fresh information concerning the tongues of birds.

Many people suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp pointed tongues as darts with which to transfix their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the hummingbird, can dart out its tongue with astonishing rapidity and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose, yet according to the authority mentioned, investigation shows that the object of this swift motion is only to catch the prey, not to pierce it. For the purpose of holding the captured victim the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a sticky secretion.

Considering its powers of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than the other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs, that it is able to imitate the human voice.

The hummingbird's tongue is in some respects the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end, so that the little bird is able to grasp its insect prey with its tongue much as if its mouth was furnished with a pair of fingers.—Chicago Record Herald

THE ANT EATER.

A Harmless Animal That Will Fight Haro When at Bay.

A peculiar looking animal is the ant eater, which is closely allied to the sloth family. Its head is drawn out into a long, tappered muzzle, at the end of which is a tiny mouth just big enough to permit the exit of its long, wormlike tongue, which is covered with a sticky saliva.

This tongue is thrust among the hosts of ants with great rapidity, coming back laden with the tiny insects. To obtain its prey the ant eater breaks open the ant hills, when all the active inhabitants swarm to the breach and are just as promptly swept away by the remorseless tongue.

The jaws of the ant eater are entirely without teeth and the eyes and ears are very small.

There are several species of ant eater, the largest being about four feet long and having a tail covered with very long hair, forming a large brush. The skin on the back of each fore limb is of great size and is used for breaking open ants and other insects' nests.

Generally speaking, the ant eater is a harmless animal, but at times when at bay it will fight with great courage, sitting up on its hind legs and hugging its foe with its powerful arms.—London Express.

The Perfumed Cloud.

The dentist's sleeve was smeared with a pile of dust. He bent it with his palm, and a perfumed cloud arose.

"Makeup," he said, laughing, "the day's usual harvest of makeup. Why the deuce, to front the fierce white light of a dental chair, will women come to me with makeup plastered thick on their pretty faces? They all, or nearly all, do it. Their lips are reddened, their brows penciled, their cheeks rouged, and in a few cases the tiny network of veins in the temples is outlined in blue. Pegging away at their teeth, I mop up all that makeup on my coat sleeve. I smear red over white noses, black over pink cheeks. Phew! Look out!"

And, brushing his cuff again, he leaped back to escape the sweet smelling cloud that filled the air.—Exchange

Difficult Feats.

"Here are some extracts from a few modern popular novels," said an author as he took down a scrap book. Then he read:

"The worthy pastor appeared at the manse door, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his loose jacket, while he turned the leaves of his prayer book thoughtfully and wiped his glasses with a distraught air."

"After the door was closed a stealthy foot slipped into the room and with cautious hand extinguished the light."

"Fitzgibbon lingered over his final lemonade, when a gentle voice tapped him on the shoulder, and, turning, he beheld his old friend once again."

"The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, gnashing its teeth as it rolls."

—Washington Star.

Greedy Little Salmon.

Little creatures may be very greedy and yet not be able to eat much because of their size, as was illustrated, for instance, in the case of a batch of about 20,000 little Chinook salmon that were hatched out at the aquarium. These young fishes, each about two inches long, would eat so much that their little stomachs fairly stuck out, and yet to feed the whole 20,000 took daily only one pound of liver and a quart of herring roe, both chopped fine.—New York Sun.

An Exception.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to fire your friend Folk. I never saw him and never will."

"Slow in everything, is he?"

"No, not everything. He gets tired quick enough."—Exchange.

Easy Enough.

"I cannot live but a week longer without you!"

"Really, dear? Now, how can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"To land on it, I can; not to land on it, I cannot."—Chicago Tribune.

PERSONAL MENTION

William Potter was a Pittsburg visitor yesterday.

Kerfoot Daly is transacting business in Pittsburg today.

Harry M. Smith spent Sunday in Hazelwood with friends.

Thomas Arrigo is transacting business in McKeesport today.

Fred Radcliffe has taken charge of an electric theatre in California.

Miss Erma Davis was a guest yesterday of friends in McKeesport.

Oscar Hazlett was an over Sunday visitor in Uniontown with friends.

Miss Nellie Pieper has returned from an extended visit in the west.

R. J. Wilson of Brownsville was calling on friends in Charleroi Sunday.

James Hughes of Brownsville is spending a few days in Charleroi.

William McFall and Rev. H. C. Bohltz have left for Greene county to spend a few days.

Master Willie Poundstone left this morning for Brownsville to visit a few days with relatives.

A marriage contract has been started to Arthur House of Hiram, O., and Katherine Comes Charleroi.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Whitlatch and daughter Dorothy spent Sunday in Pittsburg with friends and relatives.

Arthur K. Oubert, of Brownsville, was a visitor with friends in Charleroi yesterday afternoon and evening.

Bruce Barnett has returned from a two weeks' vacation trip to Philadelphia, Boston, and other places of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hazlett and baby returned Saturday from Conneville where they spent a month with relatives.

Miss Lenora and Gertrude Mickel of Crest avenue have returned after three weeks' visit with relatives in Beaver Valley, Pa.

Rev. G. G. Kerr of the Washington Avenue Presbyterian church and Rev. Vincent of the First Baptist church of Homestead exchanged pulpits yesterday both morning and evening.

Loyal M. Barnard of Beallsville and his guest Donald Martindell of Kansas left yesterday afternoon for the former's home, after a visit with friends here.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Post, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

FOR RENT—Three rooms with bath and all modern conveniences. Inquire 327 Fallowfield avenue 255tf

FOR SALE—Small confectionery in nearby mining town. Address Confectioner, Mail Office. 664tf

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 325 Washington avenue. 277tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR RENT—Flat in Schuyler Building, McKean Avenue. Third floor front. All conveniences. Inquire George Schuyler's Office. 254tf

LOST—Pair of spectacles in the Palace theatre or immediate vicinity. Finder please return to 261, this office. 2993tf

LOST—A pocket book on Fallowfield Avenue, McKean Avenue or Fifth Street, containing money and a jewel. Finder return to 195 Mail Office and receive reward.

LOST—Pocketbook containing gold watch and ring, probably between Second and Third Streets on Washington Avenue. Finder return to Chief of Police and receive reward. 293tf

WANTED—Man for Salary and Commission to sell Health and Accident Insurance. One who has had experience in Industrial Life business preferred. No lapses. Apply personally or by letter, to Mr. Joseph Kenyon, Supt., Bank of Charleroi Building, Charleroi, Pa. 298tf

WANTED—Two young ladies for Ticket Boxes. Apply 41 E. 8th Street, Manager of the National Bank, Charleroi, Pa. 298tf

AN IMPROVED RACE.

Queer Ways of the Native Black of Australia.

For bearing hardship, such as thirst, hunger, long hours in the saddle, etc., the black has far less endurance than the white man. In fact, a black fellow is uncomfortable if he goes for any length of time without water. And yet nobody is more improvident than he. Give him two gallons of water, twenty pounds of sugar and two or three sticks of tobacco and tell him that he will get no more for three days—he will settle down and not be satisfied till he has finished the lot. I have known a civilized and clothed black fellow who was traveling with me sit down after dark and wash his clothes (a most unusual proceeding) when he had only three gallons of water and fifty hours' riding before he could get any more, and this with the thermometer registering 112 in the shade.

This is not a thing that occurs once or twice, but always. The black man will not look five minutes ahead, nor will experience teach him. A gamble on a small scale is dear to the heart of every black fellow. It is a common occurrence for one of them to swap a brand new suit of blue dungaree for an old frayed white coat, thinking that he will be able to sell or deal the latter away and make a profit simply because it is white, an unusual color with them. But one good point these black men have. They are not afraid when they find they have made a bad bargain. This is possibly because they find that whom they made the deal—Australian Cor. London Standard.

THE WART HOG.

It Is One of the Most Grotesque Animals in Existence.

To the naturalist who closely studies animal life it sometimes appears as if nature had either deliberately set to work to form weird and curious creatures or else had been engaged in experiments for there are birds and animals which might be accused of being made up of odds and ends.

One of the most grotesque animals in existence is the wart hog of Africa, called by the Boers the Valtersark pig of the plains.

It stands about thirty inches in height, has a huge disproportionate head, a thick, wrinkled skin and large protruding tusks. These are exactly opposite those of other pigs, the upper ones being much longer than those in the lower jaw and sometimes attaining a length of over twenty inches.

But the most unusual feature of this curious looking creature and the one from which it derives its name is the great wart just below each eye, a smaller one appearing between each tusk and the large wart above it.

The body is almost hairless except that along the spine and the neck long coarse hair hangs, and the whole effect of the animal is weird and grotesque. These wild hogs often take possession of empty burrows made by other animals, and when pursued they skew around sharply as they enter, making their way in head first—London Telegraph.

THE MAD DUCHESS.

Lady Catherine Hyde and Her Family.

Lady Catherine Hyde was the third daughter of Henry, second Earl of Rochester and fourth Earl of Clarendon, and a great-granddaughter of Edward, the first and famous Earl of Clarendon. . . . One of the strongest of her caprices was to be unlike other people, and she succeeded admirably in the attempt. Bollingbroke nicknamed her "La Singulartie," Horace Walpole, more bluntly, "the Mad Duchess." This oddity was specially displayed in her dress. In 1747, after a good deal of intriguing, she had obtained permission to appear again at court, and in 1763 Horace Walpole tells Lord Hertford that she presented herself there in a gown and petticoat of red flannel, making all allowance for male ignorance on such a subject and Walpole's tendency to embroider a story, it is beyond doubt that she deliberately courted the peculiar in her costume. She was fond of wearing an apron and appeared in one at court after this garment had been forbidden at the royal drawing rooms. Her entrance being regarded by one of the lords in waiting, she tore it off, threw it in his face and walked on. Beau Nash on a similar occasion took the law into his own hands, for when she attempted to enter the ballroom at Bath wearing an apron he promptly stepped off it and threw it among the ladies' maids, observing that none but Abigails appeared in white aprons. It was her fancy as she grew older to disregard the chances of fashion and to adhere obstinately to the fashions of younger days. Her attire at this was so weird that Lord Corbary wrote, "She has been called so many times to change twenty times."—Aliceleigh Curtis.

Mexican Lottery Tickets.

Nearly \$100,000 is spent in the City of Mexico every week in lottery tickets, and in the same period about \$70,000 is paid back in premiums. On the weeks immediately preceding the big drawings the sale, of course, mounts up to great sums—as for instance, when the \$200,000 drawings are held there are 20,000 tickets at \$40 each sold on the streets, and practically every ticket is disposed of, most of them during the last two weeks before the drawing. But as a general proposition, on an average, \$15,000 a day is spent by the people of the City of Mexico on the lotteries.—Mexican Herald.

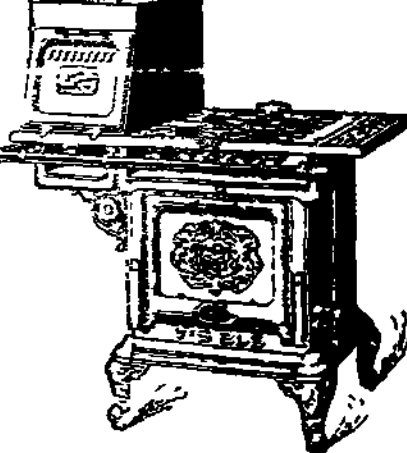
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Gas Ranges and Chandeliers, Garden Hose and Gas Hose

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Moving Pictures Illustrated Songs

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